

Hank Long's First Voyage



A Wall Street Incident

Robert Long



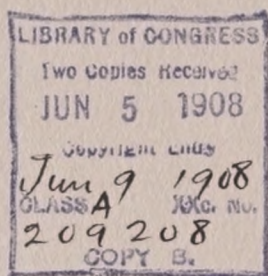
Hank Long's First Voyage.

Daniel Whitford

3
3
3
3
3

08-19569

PZ 3
W 5894H



24. June 19, 08

To Genie, Peep, Chadee, Nem, Tady, Jane,
Spankaboo and Ba—These Pages
are Affectionately
Dedicated.

DANIEL WHITFORD.

,
, ,
, ,
, , ,
, , ,

Copyright, 1908, by Daniel Whitford.

Hank Long's First Voyage.

During a vacation in the summer of 1883 I drifted to a city on the New England coast that had in earlier times been celebrated as a fitting out place for whaling boats. Unacquainted with any of the people about me, I had nothing to do but read, walk about the streets, sit upon the wharves, or explore the numerous ships that lay rotting at them; these examinations I made over and over again, trying to picture to myself the vessels braving the storms of the south seas often and again or returning to port gaily signaling to the people on the house tops who were on the lookout for their homecoming; but they were broken-down hulks now and with those that had manned them were to see no more service for the rest of their existence. The discovery of mineral oil had put both ships and men out of commission.

Sometimes I would meet an old man who had been a sailor and who frequented the wharf where I was lounging; he was always ready to talk, but uninteresting in his conversation. I learned this from him, however, that there were a

good many retired seamen in the town and that they had some gathering places among which was a smith's repair shop, and he volunteered to take me to the place and introduce me to its frequenters. As I might learn something from them of the history of the ships that I had been exploring, I gladly accepted his offer.

The place was large, and at some time had carried on a thriving business, as there were forges for a good many workmen, but two men, idle half the time, attended now to all the work there was to do. The hospitality of the place was never denied to any one, the proprietors always seeming glad to see their neighbors or strangers who might come in.

I was cordially received by half a dozen men who were sitting about smoking; a few words passed and, lighting my pipe, I dropped into the crowd as if I belonged to it. Then the conversation, which my coming had interrupted, went on again. It was about the personal adventures of those who made up the group and had been repeated over and over again so many times that I must have been welcome, as I was a new and rather attentive listener. I soon found that their stories were of commonplace events, such as we have all read about, fighting whales, cruising among the islands, being blown hither and thither by hurricanes, working at the pumps of leaking ships until pumping became useless, then taking to

small boats; none of them had ever served on any of the ships in the harbor. Their stories were told in a simple way without the least attempt at dramatic effort, and, so far as I could judge, without much exaggeration.

There was one man among them of quite different mental type from the rest. His name was Henry Long and, though they referred to him a good deal about the names of places and localities, he had at first no stories of his own to tell. From the little that he said, however, it was evident that he had far more imagination, more appreciation of what the adventures that were being recounted meant to those who listened, and had not heard them before, than any of the rest. When I induced him to talk freely, as I did some days later on, what he told was given in rather dramatic form; he presented it to his listeners so that they could see as well as hear it. He was very clear and intelligent, too; never getting muddled or mixed up as the others did, and seemed fairly well educated.

I have said that his type was different mentally from the others, but the physical difference between them was quite as marked. He was neatly dressed, did not wear a beard, and the few streaks of gray in his dark hair were about the only marks of age that he bore. His eyes, dark also, could certainly not have been brighter or more intelligent in his youth. Those

about him seemed to show him unusual respect as they said he was a smart fellow and liberally supplied with money by one of his old shipmates. Slightly built, he was still quick and active and in his narration had none of the drawl or nasal intonation with which all the others were affected.

After we had met half a dozen times, we began to feel pretty well acquainted, and he seemed disposed to be talkative. Some of the men had said to me: "Git Hank to tell you about his first voyage at sea, if you can; the first whalin' voyage; if he feels just right he can tell it bully." So one day I began upon him.

"I suppose that you were born here, Mr. Long?"

"No, Nantucket, sixty-seven years ago last March. A bad year I heard tell; floods in Germany, cold weather and hard times here and very little to eat."

"And you have always lived by or on the sea?"

"I don't remember to have lived anywhere else or to have heard of livin' anywhere else. My father was a sailor, belonged to the navy. The folks about where I lived was all sailor folks, and the talk was all about goin' to sea and the like, and about the stoutest man at whalin'. I heard the stories and I couldn't grow fast enough to suit me—I wanted

to be a sailor, too. At last I got old enough to get on a boat runnin' to the West Injees; that was a great day in my life."

"And you had been at school?"

"I had picked up some eddecation. My mother had been a school teacher an' she helped me, too. Yes, for the times, I had some larnin'. But I never thought much of it. Get to sea, that was all that was in my mind. Our house was a pleasant place and we children all thought a lot of each other. I don't know whether I was homesick or not after I went away, but I do know that night after night when I was sailin' on the ocean I could see 'em all sittin' around at home as plain as I can see you. I got some money out of it to send home and when I got back, I had lots of stories to tell 'em at home about what I had seen. When I was seventeen years old, I joined the crew of the Mary Ann, fittin' out for a whalin' voyage. I had got to be an able seaman, about as big as I am now; I never weighed more than a hundred an' thirty pounds in my life; nothin' to boast of, anyway, but what I lacked in size I made up in other ways. The crew was made up of all sorts of folks, a little Irish, a little Dutch, a nigger to cook, an' the rest folks from along the coast; all grown-up men but two, me and Bill Barton, a boy two year older than me an' shipped from over here. The boat was out more than four year; it took time in them days, things wasn't done by

steam and lightnin', but I didn't come back in her an' by and by I'll tell you why.

Anybody that thinks a sailor's life in them days was all fun, had better try somethin' like it and find out, if there is anythin' goin' on like it now. It wasn't at all pleasant goin' round the Horn; nasty headwinds, big seas comin' aboard, sails torn to pieces, rain and snow. Every sailor knows all about it; an' the Pacific, when we got to it, wasn't none of the smoothest neither; when it starts to roll up waves it keeps the reputation of bein' the biggest ocean goin'.

Me an' Bill, bein' nearest of an age, was most together. Bill was a handsome feller and a good feller; sweet disposition; give up anything he had if he liked a feller an' was treated right, an' when he come to actin' he always thought about himself last; but he was this way: When he got a notion in his head it was right or wrong with him; if he thought it was right, he liked to stick it out and work it out his own way, as well as any feller I ever see; an' he wouldn't talk to nobody about it or ask how to do it.

When I say he was a handsome feller, I don't mean what women folks call pretty, he wasn't that, but he was tall, well built, and the muscles on his arms an' legs stood out like whip cords. He was as strong as a young bull, an' as active as a deer. He had a mighty good face, soft large brown eyes,

an' when he talked to you, he looked right at you; then his eyes affected you almost as much as his voice did. He never shirked work, was always ready to do his part an' more than his part, whether it was takin' care of the ship in rough seas or killin' whales; almost reckless of his life he was when he took a notion; but, for all I've said, I don't believe that there was a man aboard, but me, that liked him. They didn't understand him; he was too big for 'em, that was the reason. He could pick up what was goin' on quick, quicker than anybody else on the ship, an' when he had got it he said so right out. He didn't believe that a man that had been twenty year alearnin' it, knew it any better than he did, 'specially if that man wan't very smart. "There must be an end to it somewheres," he said, "you can't always pound away on one thing," an' when he thought he knew a thing, he wouldn't pay attention to anybody that was tryin' to tell him; he'd do it, obey orders, but do it in his own way. He was always pretty close with everybody about what he was doin' or goin' to do, that give the folks aboard the idea that he thought he knowed it all, but he wan't a bit proud of what he knowed, only you couldn't boss him.

He had been livin' somewheres over in Connecticut doin' chores for his board and goin' to school. One day he done somethin' the master didn't like an' he called Bill up an' told him he was goin' to lick him. Bill said he might have done

wrong, he was willin' to admit it anyway, an' he would say or do anything the master said was reasonable; but he wouldn't let him whip him; anything else he might do, but whippin' was for niggers an' dogs an' he wouldn't be whipped by nobody.

The master was pretty high with him and told him to take his coat off. Bill laughed at him; said he wouldn't do it an' he had better not strike him either; if he did he might get hit back. At that the feller got awful mad, an' as he couldn't make Bill do as he wanted to, he gave him a cut across the side of his face with his stick. Then Bill took right hold of him; he was a big feller, but Bill took the stick right out of his hands and pounded him over the head with it till the blood run. Then he took him by the collar, the fight was all out of the feller by this time, an' run him out of the school house, kickin' him all the way. It was the first time Bill knowed how strong he was, and he felt now that he had growed to be a man. That was Bill Barton.

Of course he couldn't go to school there any more, so he said he thought he was just about wicked enough to be a sailor an' he come and joined this crew. The best men in the country went to sea in them days; 'taint so any more. He was full of fun, laughin' all the time, but there was somethin' about him that, leavin' his good build and looks out, made

him seem a better man than any of us. I don't know what it was, but it was there plain enough when we was all together. I see it and knowed it and the rest must have seen it, though him and me was the only ones aboard that owned up to it.

I talked it right out and got the whole crew down on me for sayin' it. They couldn't pick on Bill, didn't dare to, but they tried to laugh at me and make believe they thought I was a fool for takin' so much to him.

"What's amiss with Bill?" I says. "He's the smartest, strongest, and handsomest feller on the ship; an' you all know it, too, if you'll own up true."

Then they all laughed.

"Laughin' ain't no answer," I says, "anybody can laugh; it's pretty cheap."

One of the men answered back:

"It's just right you be; but speakin' of laughin' a man laughs because he's tickled, or laughs because he's happy, or laughs because he's glad to see yer, but I know a feller that don't laugh that way; he's grinnin' all the time just to show what good teeth he's got in his head. I don't call no names; mebbe you don't know who I mean." And then they all laughed again as loud as they could.

"If you had as nice teeth as Bill Barton," I says, "you'd be tyin' a string around your upper lip to keep your mouth open all the time so folks could see 'em; the Lord knows your mouth is open enough now most of the time; I wouldn't talk about teeth if I was you. You don't grin to show yourn."

Now this feller had rotten, dirty teeth. Everybody knowed it, an' he was mad in a minute.

"You're a saucy, impudent little devil!" he says. "Insultin' men old enough to be your grandfather, an' the ship would be better off if you and one other feller was pitched overboard. I hain't fussin' with my teeth all the while and they may not look so awful nice, I chaw, and some other folks don't, but I don't give out to them around me, better men than I be, that I know it all; that I'm so awful smart that they can't tell me nothin'; an' I don't try to tell men that larned their business afore I was born, just what to do."

"You couldn't do it anyways," I says. "If you found anybody alive now that learned their work before you was born, they'd be so old they couldn't hear you an' wouldn't know what you was atalkin' about anyhow."

With that he jumps up to lick me, but some of the rest put in gittin' between us.

“Let him alone, Sam,” they says. “He’s awful saucy, that’s a fact, but he’s been in bad company lately and besides we begun on him and made him mad. He’s showed a good deal of spunk, an’ you shan’t hurt him.”

After that they let me alone. They was awful sour to me but I was so dead sure I was right that I didn’t care much for what they thought or how they acted. I’d sooner have Bill than all the rest together.

I don’t believe Bill understood or knew how the folks aboard felt about him or what they thought of him; he didn’t seem to. He knew, well enough, that I liked him an’ understood him, an’ I guess he thought the rest liked him too, just as they liked each other, but that they didn’t show it much. Of course I didn’t tell him that they had pitched on to me or that there was a soul aboard that was down on him. If he didn’t find it out it wan’t my business to blab it an’ he wan’t hurt by not knowin’ it. So he kept right on makin’ pretty free with the whole crowd from the captain down, but never doin’ a thing that they could lay hands on. What he said was got off in such a genteel way that they’d just turned up their noses an’ walked off, wouldn’t talk mean to him, though I suppose they felt like it pretty often, an’ though he didn’t do his work as they did, it always come out right, so of course nobody could complain.

Well, we took to each other more an' more; it may be the way the rest acted made me think more about him, an' we was together so much and I liked him so well that I was glad enough to let him have his own way, about all the time. Not that he insisted on it, if he had he wouldn't have got it, but, as I say, I liked him and he liked me, an' he didn't insist on anything and so, little by little, he come to set the pace for me until after a while whenever he says to me, "Hank, don't you want to do this or that" I always says "yes" whether I wanted to do it or not, coz I knew he had made up his mind to it an' wanted it done an' would feel bad if I said no, an' I knew he would do it better if he done it in his own way, an' it would all come out as good.

The captain was good enough but pretty stiff with me an' Bill. I guess he was a little afraid of our doing somethin' out of the way least ways afraid Bill might git into a scrape an' he knew I would foller. So he didn't let us go ashore. When Bill first come aboard he told some of the crew that he would be in command of a ship in less than six year. The captain heard of it an', though he pretended to laugh, he didn't like it a bit, seein' he was pretty near fifty afore he got a ship to handle. I asked Bill about it an' he says, "Why, Hank; what of it; it's been done a good many times before. I pick up things pretty quick an' I tell you, as I told the others, I'll have a ship to handle before I'm six year older, an' I'll give you

a good chance in it, too, my boy; an' I believed him; for he talked so I could almost see him runnin' that ship.

We stopped at two or three places in the Sandwich Islands. The men could go ashore about when they liked, but we couldn't. We could see the land from the boat, an' the folks that lived on it sometimes come aboard, an' we got what the crew told us an' they used to tell pretty big yarns, when they come back, of what they had seen and what they had done on shore, till we got a little uneasy; the old ship began to look lonesome enough, I can tell you, an' Bill says to me one day. "Hank, we'll cut out some night ourselves an' see what there is to all this shore business," but there wasn't no chance and we had to make the best of it an' give it up then.

We caught a good many fish an' we went through some hard blows an' we stopped at some places to get water, but neither Bill nor me set foot on shore in all this time an', though I believe that on the whole we was pretty good boys, there is a limit an' a boy finds it a good deal quicker than a man. So, after a long stretch, when we anchored in the bay of a large island Bill put in a petition for both of us to go ashore. The captain shook his head. Nobody knowed anything much about the inhabitants of the island he said. The natives was awfully shy of white folks—might be cannibals; an' nobody knowed how many there was of 'em. They went naked, ate their

victuals raw, an' while they was good lookin' people enough, was the least civilized of any that had been visited yet in these parts.

On account of the good holdin' ground, an' the fresh water, vessels come here sometimes, but the folks aboard of 'em, with one or two exceptions, never had had any communication with the people of the island. He was goin' to send eight men ashore for water, three to mount guard an' five to fill up. They want to budge away from the shore on any account, an' if they was molested they was to fire off a gun an' the whole crew would come ashore and help 'em. He hoped there wouldn't be any trouble. Any way Bill and me might think ourselves lucky if we was left safe in the ship without havin' to take the chances of bein' eat up. Then he laughed, thinkin' how he had scared Bill; but he hadn't scared him, he'd just made him uneasy and got him mad. He thought he was dealin' with a boy that would take anything he give him, but Bill wasn't none of that kind. You couldn't work him that way. He had his own notions and he just acted on 'em. He wouldn't act on anybody's say so, even if it did come from the captain.

Bill kept thinkin' it over; I see him goin' about an' knew he was mad about somethin'. After a while he comes up to me an' tells me about his talk with the captain an' the way the captain looked an' acted. An' he says:

"Hank, the old man has, so fur, treated us pretty mean about goin' ashore. I can't make out why he does it, or what he means by it, but you see it plain as I do. He thinks this time that he's infernal smart an' that nobody else knows anything. Now, I don't know how you feel, but I would just like to sniff ground again to git this smell of rotten blubber out of my nose. I've had that feelin' for a good while, an' I know you have, too, but fur some reason, it's come on me awful strong now. I didn't have it much until the old man undertook to give me chaff; that brought right before me the way he'd been actin'. Now, if you agree to it, we'll cut out tonight an' go ashore, if we don't stay there more than twenty minutes. What ails me is a kind of homesickness or shore sickness, I guess, an' a little while ashore will cure it; what do you say?"

"Swim ashore?"

"Lord, no; we couldn't do it in the dark; besides we'd be all wet an' feel mean, an' the old man might say we was sneakin'. We'll take the little boat, slip her over the side when we go, an' pull her up quiet enough when we come back. Nobody will know anything about it now. We can dodge the watch easy enough. We'll go in with the tide, stay ashore fur awhile, then lay in the boat till the tide turns an' come back, nobody any wiser, but some day we'll laugh at the old man

about it an' let him know he wasn't so awful smart after all. What do you say?"

"Why, of course, I say whatever you say, Bill; but it seems to me, that while it's pretty easy to talk, it ain't the easiest thing in the world to do. The boat is a little light thing, I know, but even so, you can't handle her as you handle a basket. It's a good long stretch from the deck to the water. If we let her nose first, she'll fill, an——"

"Never mind, Hank," he says, "I've thought it all out, it's easy enough. We carry the boat to pretty near the stern, give her a good long rope, tie the oars in her and sling her over, drawin' the rope around the rail; there she hangs. I swing down the side to the water, you let her down slow. When she comes to the water I take her. You swing down an' there we are; that ain't much to do."

"What do you say?"

"All right; what time?"

"Eleven o'clock tonight; he said so many bells, but it meant eleven o'clock. It will be so dark you can't see to count your fingers. The tide turns at two, and will bring us back quick enough. By half past two, we will be snug in our berths. Now don't think about it until the time comes, or look as if you thought about it, if you do, some of 'em will catch us."

The men went ashore, got the water, and come back all right. They said they see some of the natives from a distance, but didn't get to talk to 'em, as they might have done by signs. A fine country, they said, no brush, flowers all around. The tall trees that we could see, were full of cocoanuts just ripe. Land risin' from the sea as you went back, and the lookout from the bay, was great. Everybody crowded about to hear what they had to tell, except Bill an' me; we pretended not to pay attention to it.

So night came, an' all except the watch went to sleep, an' we was down to be sleepin' with the rest. We took off our shoes an' stockin's, an' our jackets, fur we didn't want to be tied up with more than we could help. Bill's arrangement turned out all right. We got the boat in the water, the watch didn't catch us, an' we got in her an' rowed ashore. Bill was all right in his calculations; the tide was runnin' in, it was awful dark, an' nobody could see us; that is, we thought nobody could, an' we had good reason to think so.

We drew the boat up on the sand, so far that she wouldn't float off an' then we walked up the beach. There wasn't much of anything to see, dark as it was, but there was no hurry, the tide wouldn't turn for a good while yet, so we went towards the woods strollin' around, an' at last, pretty tired, come back to where we had left the boat. At first Bill thought

he had missed the place, but after huntin' around, he pretty sudden began to guess that it was the boat he missed, an' he guessed, too, that she had been took away, an' he guessed right both times.

"The old man has caught us this time," he says, "sent in right after us an' took the boat away from us while we was loafin'; that's the whole story. He's chucklin', thinkin' we'll have to swim to the ship, but we won't. He will send in fur us in the mornin' or let us stay here. We won't swim; I won't, an' I know you'll stand by me; let's go somewhere's and lie down."

I didn't answer 'cause I couldn't. Some fellers had me by the arms an' one of 'em had his hand over my mouth. 'Twasn't none of our crew either. I brushed around, tryin' to get away; that caught Bill's attention an' he come right up to me; but he was caught the same way an' there we was. It was so dark we couldn't tell how many there was of 'em that had caught us, but there was a good many; enough. We couldn't do anything with 'em, an' as they tied up our mouths, we couldn't talk to each other; so away we all went. After we had gone about a mile we come to some more folks carryin' somethin'. It was so dark, at first, that I couldn't make out what it was, but pretty soon it occurred to me that it was our little boat; and so it turned out. After the two parties had come together,

we all set off in single file (the path was only wide enough for one), an' walked as much as nine or ten mile. This brought us to a lot of huts, or what pretended to be huts, built from the branches of cocoanut trees an', tired an' foot sore, we was glad enough to set down. They took the stuff off our mouths an' we began to talk. Bill spoke first.

"I am afraid, Hank, I have got you into a bad, bad, scrape this trip; these folks may kill an' eat us. It's awful to think of, an' he groaned a little."

I was a good deal worried, I suppose you may say I was scared, but it never was my way to take on when I got into trouble; perhaps I didn't feel the danger here as Bill did; I didn't know as much, so I thought I'd laugh him out of it if I could, an' says to him: "If they do, Bill, they'll get a lot more off your bones than they do from mine. I have always envied your size, a big nice lookin' feller, an' me so little. Now I may not be worth eatin', but you——"

"I tell you it's awful business," he says; "no time for jokin'; we are facin' death, with the chances big against us. The old man was right an' I was a fool; I know it now when it's too late. I don't care so much about it myself, though I don't want to die either, young as I am, but you——"

"Don't mind me," I said; "I ain't jokin'; I'm just as serious as I ever was in my life, but this is the way I make it out. We're caught, an' we can't do anythin' to help oureslves; if we're to be eat, we'll be eat; if we ain't, we won't. We might as well laugh as cry, they won't eat us any quicker fur our laughin. The folks at the ship will try to find us, an if they give these fellers a few nails, they'll let us go. The captain won't go away an' leave us in a scrape like this, though we may not have done just what he thinks right."

"There's a lot in that," he says, "an' it's about the only hope we've got. If they don't get us out of here we are gone. We can't get out ourselves, there's too many against us. I wouldn't mind a dozen or so, but there's nothin' to be done when there's more than a hundred. If they don't eat us, which they are like enough to do, and if the folks at the ship don't help us out, they may keep us here as long as we live. I can't bear to think about it; it's awful, Hank, an' I have ruined you, just because I wanted to be a little smart."

"If I wasn't so sleepy," I says; "I could think about it well enough, but I can't keep my eyes open or my head agoin' to think of anythin'. I'm so dead tired. If we both go to sleep we can think it over a good deal better when we wake up, unless we find ourselves stewin' in the pot; worn out an'

scared as we be, we ain't in no condition to think," an' sayin' that, I stretched out an' went to sleep."

"I guess Bill slept some, too, though not as much as me. He wasn't selfish a bit an' he wasn't no coward, but he felt bad, to think he'd got in this scrape an', a good deal worse to think he'd got me in it, too, for my troubles all come of follerin' him, an' he couldn't see any way to set me right or himself either.

I slept heavy an' long, but at last I had a confused notion that some one was a scratchin' of me about the chest an' throat; then, little by little, I come to think where I was an' what goin' on. It was broad daylight an' twenty or thirty men an' women stood around us. We wore calico shirts an' tow trousers. They was a pluckin' Bill like a fowl, his shirt was off, an' they was just tearin' off his trousers, an' they'd begun to strip my shirt off my back; that's what waked me up. My shirt an' trousers went quick enough, an' there we was. They tore the cloth all into strips, but instead of usin' it to cover their bodies, they tied up their hair with it, an' some of the pieces they put around their necks; then they seemed to think they was awful fine, struttin' like a flock of turkeys. We didn't want to lose our cloths, but what they might do with us was of so much more consequence, that we didn't think of a little matter like that. I looked around to see what kind of

folks we had fallen in with, though I was almost afraid to look, for when we came in it was so dark, we couldn't get any idea of them. About the same size as other islanders these were not bad looking, their faces were tattooed like the rest and their frozely heads was familiar enough, but they was the first folks I had ever seen that didn't wear cloths of any kind. The line had been drawn pretty close sometimes among them that came on the ship, but these folks hadn't nothing to cover them and seemed to think no more about it than if they had all been dressed in purple and fine linen. So, there they was and here we was, and the question was whether they would eat us, give us somethin' to eat, or let us go back to the ship. The last question was settled quick enough for when we started to move half a dozen ugly-lookin' fellers with clubs come in front of us and shook their heads. That was enough; we give up for that time; then they give us some water and somethin' to eat, I don't know what it was; somethin' that grew on the island and tasted like cabbage, and in the afternoon we got some raw fish, no salt on any of the victuals; but we could eat anything by that time. We didn't ever see any meat among them, except the flesh of some birds, and we never seen anything that made us think they was cannibals. They didn't make any show of eatin' us; they didn't fight with any of their neighbors, so there wasn't no prisoners to eat, and, of course, they wouldn't eat each other. There was a good many young

girls from fourteen to twenty years old, perhaps, we judged by their looks, they didn't know nothin' about their ages, an' they used to do a good deal of the hard work; fishin' and providin' things. A good many little children, too, there was. The men was awfully lazy. There wasn't more than two or or three hundred of 'em on the island anyway; we found that out after awhile, an' we found that they wasn't such terrible folks as the sailors had told of, though in somethings they was in a pretty savage low-down condition. Of course they would snatch anythin' they could lay hands on, but that was natural enough; they didn't know any better.

For five or six days we kept hopin' that help would come from the ship, watched all the time for a chance to escape, if we could, but we got neither help nor the chance to run, and after awhile Bill said, "Hank, it's all over; we've got to make the best of it," an' so we did.

The people lived all together on the rocky side of the island, a pretty difficult place for boats to come, if they could ever get there at all; high land, sharp rocks under water, bad for those that couldn't locate 'em, an' a big surf rollin' all the time, sometimes coverin' up what beach there was. The reason of their livin' here, I guess, was to keep out of the way of the sea an' so that troublesome neighbors couldn't get at 'em; if anybody landed on the island they must come by way of the

bay, that would give plenty of time for these folks to get out of the way, they could fight or, if too many come against 'em scatter over the island. Some other islanders had come a good while before an' carried off some of their women an' they had got kind of cautious.

They was a little harsh with us fur the first few months, watched us close, an' wouldn't let us go fur from where they was. We knew well enough by this time that they didn't mean to eat us, but what they wanted of us an' why they acted so, we couldn't make out. One thing was certain though; they wanted us to live as they lived, to act like them, an' it was pretty clear to us that they meant to make us do it, too, for when Bill tried to rig up breech clouts for him an' me out of some leaves they laughed at us an' tore 'em all to pieces; so we gave it up an' went round as we werè, though it made us feel pretty mean.

After awhile Bill says to me one day, "Hank, I don't see any chance of gittin' away from here unless it's by some ship that comes to the bay for water. A ship might not come in ten years, but these folks won't let us go to the bay, an' so that chance, little as it is' ain't worth nothin'. Now here it is; we must make better folks of these poor creeters, or they'll make savages of us as they're atyin' to do. Some things about this life ain't so bad; it's healthy enough; but it's awful to

think of our wastin' our lives in this way. If we give up to these folks, let 'em run us down, an' we ever git away from here we won't be good for nothin'; we must keep up our characters some way while we are here. I don't want to be a savage an' I know you don't neither. Now I got you into this scrape an' I want to do all I can to keep your head above water till you can, perhaps, catch a plank an' then— and then—" the tears come in his eyes as he talked an' he looked at me very hard as he went on.

"I would give up my life, Hank, to get you out of this, seein' the wrong I done you, but givin' my life won't do you any good, so we must do the best we can."

"There ain't no chief among these folks, that was what they fought about an' the side that didn't want a chief won; I have found out so much. I'm pickin' up their lingo pretty fast an' I am stronger an' smarter than any of 'em in the things that they think themselves the smartest; that ain't sayin' much but it's so. I can outswim 'em, outrun 'em, and outclub 'em. Now, if I can show 'em that I am smarter than they be, that I can do the things that they set so much by better than they can, I can get hold enough on 'em to do 'em a lot of good in other ways an' help you an' me at the same time. I am goin' to try anyway. I can't do very much perhaps, but I am pretty patient when I start in an' generally git in the end what I want."

From that time on we treated the islanders just as if we had been born among 'em an' belonged to 'em. Bill was, of course, a long way ahead of me in everything. He was larger an' stronger an' he knew a sight better how to do it than I did, but I was pretty good for a little feller, too. These folks thought a good deal about swimmin', an' Bill in a little while was the fastest and strongest swimmer among 'em an' the most fearless. We used to go outside the breakers to swim an' I have seen him start after a lot of boys an' girls, they generally swum faster than the men, catch the whole crowd, one after another, an' hold 'em under water till they begged. They had logs, generally, but Bill got a big cocoanut tree log, twice as big as any of 'em that he could take hold of, an' when he had that log, he wasn't afraid of the biggest storm or the tallest surf. He could stay under water longer than any man or woman on the island an' none of the men could come near him for speed in swimmin' or for that matter in anythin' else, and there wasn't many white men that could do it either.

By rubbin' some sticks together he started a fire; the islanders knew about fire but they hadn't any use for it; he had, an' he cut up some fish an' cooked it; at first they wouldn't touch it that way, but after awhile they did eat it an' seemed to like it, too; an' part of 'em after that used to git up their feed that way. There was a good many birds flyin'

around among the trees. These folks had been in a habit of ketchin' a few of 'em an' eatin' 'em but Bill made some traps an' caught a good many an' cooked 'em, an' he an' me eat 'em, and the young folks among the islanders eat 'em that way, too. He dried up some sea water an' made salt, pretty poor stuff it was, but we used it an' began to feel more like Christians an' civilized folks because we had civilized victuals to eat ourselves an' because some of the folks around us come to eat civilized things. In this way I could see that Bill was takin' a strong hold on the savages. He asked me what I thought "Your doin' it, Bill," I says, "your doin' it because there ain't no clap trap about you. They give up to you because they know you are a strong feller, stronger than any of 'em just as you said, an' I guess they like you, too; they act so anyhow."

We didn't act as if we wanted to run away or as if we thought ourselves any better than the rest of folks. We just danced, swum an' fished, an' run about with the rest, an' so time jogged on until more than two year had gone by. What Bill had done for these folks, the way he had talked to 'em, for he could talk to 'em pretty well now, what he had coaxed 'em to do, had done 'em lots of good an' they was actin' pretty decent. When we first come their way of eatin' turned our stomachs; now partly 'cause we was used to 'em, an' partly 'cause they behaved so much better fur the trainin' Bill had

given 'em, we didn't think much about it. As fur us boys, we had got things in pretty good shape; plenty fur us to eat; though we wanted to git away awful bad, but didn't know how.

In the month of September I guess, yes, it was about the first of September, there come one of the biggest hurricanes I ever see. It blowed, and rained steady for three days; great guns! how it did blow; there was times when we almost thought the island itself was movin'. Trees was blown down an' the waves of the sea was so high that if we hadn't been on pretty solid ground, we'd all been drowned. The natives had never seen anythin' like it themselves; they had traditions of a big sea comin' ashore an' drownin' a good many folks an' they was afraid this was goin' to be the same thing over again. Scared as they was they run to Bill, just as folks in civilized countries run to a church when there's a convulsion of nature. Bill himself didn't like the look of it a bit, but he didn't let on; he laughed at 'em, told 'em it was only a big wind an' would blow itself out in a little while. He'd seen a good deal worse in the country he come from, an' he talked to 'em so that in the worst of the storm he got 'em all laughin' an' cheered up, an' they was'nt afraid any more.

After awhile the wind went down an' of course the storm was over. But the sea, O my! it would scare you to look at it

an' see them big waves break in on the rocks. Things was so upset that the sea didn't let up for a whole month after, but the waves would come poundin' in high as the mast an' roarin' as if they was agoin' to tear everything to pieces that they hit. Of course there wasn't any swimmin'; nobody dared to go near the surf then.

It was somethin' more than twenty day after the storm had let up. Bill an' me was talkin' about the way the surf kept poundin in, when one of the native girls come runnin' to us callin' out that there was a boat comin' right for the rocks, an' the folks in her was all goin' to be drowned. Bill was on the rocks in a minute, an' I at his heels. A good many of the island folks had got there ahead of us an' was lookin' out to sea where, sure enough, in plain sight of all, was a ship's boat, sail up, comin' before the wind an' makin' right fur that rocky shore. We could see that there was folks in her, but why they was lettin' her run that way to their destruction, we couldn't make out.

Bill motioned 'em off. Motioned 'em to the sea, an' then pointed towards the bay but they didn't pay a bit of attention to it an' the boat came right on as if she was doomed. Then Bill turned to me an' says:

"It's no use talkin', Hank," Bill says, "them folks are crazy or somethin' awful is the matter. It can't be that

they're tryin' to kill themselves, but that's just what they're doin'. I guess there ain't nobody aboard that knows how to sail; that must be it, an' unless somebody gits to 'em an' sails for 'em, you see what's comin'."

He looked hard at the breakers an' then at the boat again, then he says to me awful quiet:

"I must git to that boat an' take 'em to the bay; I have a feelin' strong upon me that I must an' there ain't over much time, to git to 'em either, if I ever do; so I'll say good-bye now an' try to swim out." I says: "Don't try it, Bill, don't go. You can do a lot, I know, but the man don't live that can git through such a surf to that boat. Oh, don't, Bill, don't try it; don't; don't; it's only throwing your life away!" An' I begun to cry an' bawl. He looked at me pretty hard an' pretty down-hearted, an' I thought he was weakenin' but he only says to me in the same way, ever so quiet:

"Hank, I must do the best I can. I guess I am strong enough to git through them breakers. I don't belittle the danger of it a bit, it will be awful hard work, but I'm pretty strong, stronger, I guess than you think. Them folks on the boat have come from some wreck of course, but somethin' is the matter with them besides ship-wreck. Somethin' has brought 'em so fur, an', if there's life in 'em, an' there

must be by the way they trim their boat, I'll save it. You may be right in sayin' I'm tryin' to do more than I can, but it's puttin' up the chances of savin' a whole lot against losin' one life an' a life I don't set so much by either if the time has come to lay it down. There ain't no time to dispute now, Hank, that boat's comin' on too fast an' I need all my strength. If I don't git through keep close watch of the bay, for some ship's comin' an' take good care of yourself anyway.

He put his arm about my neck. I tried to hang on to him, but he was so strong that he shook me off as if I had been a child an' away he went down the rocks an' into that boilin' surf.

It had been so sudden that I stood with my mouth open cryin' away as hard as I could put in; but in a minute or two I come to myself an' I cried a good deal harder when I felt that I would never see Bill alive again. It all come upon me then how much I liked him, an' if I could have changed places with him, had him safe ashore an' me out facin' death every stroke I took in that sea, I'd jump at the chance to make the change. But I wasn't built for it, hadn't the body or the strength, an' I couldn't have lived for half the distance.

Sometimes I could catch sight of Bill as he come up to the top of the big rollers for breath; he could go through 'em just

as easy as if he was playin' with 'em but it wasn't no play, I can tell you. He could dive through the highest wave an' come out on the other side, that was easy enough for a strong swimmer like Bill, but as he got to the other side another big wave would meet him, so they kept comin' at him, an' he didn't git no chance to breathe except when he rose up through the waves an' that was hard work.

But, oh, how close I watched, scared 'most to death, an' how I felt. I never was in any place where the chances of livin' was measured by minutes, but I've heard 'em that has been tell how long a minute seemed to 'em when they was waitin' hours an' hours they said. The time I was watchin' Bill didn't seem so long as that, but it was long enough; I never want to feel as bad as I did then, an' I don't believe I ever will. The native men didn't comfort me much; they was watchin' close, too, an' kept sayin' he never could do it, hollerin' out: "Now he's gone," every time he was out of sight an' sayin' no man had wind enough to do what he was a-tryin'.

At last he got to where the water was a good deal smoother. We could see him, just a blot on the waves, risin' an' fallin' on 'em. Then the men said his strength had give out an' he couldn't git through. It did look so. Bill was an awful rapid swimmer, now he was swimmin' very very slow, but he knew just what he was doin'. I talked with him about it afterwards,

he was only savin' his strength an' restin' as much as he could, and, for all they said an' for all I feared, though he swum slow, he swum right along as if he hadn't had no struggle, an' I just got up an' yelled when I see him climb up on the boat an' wave his hand to me.

He turned her head away from the shore, I could see him well enough then, the boat had got so near, an' he looked to be everywhere at once, here with an oar, there a-shiftin' the sails.—Such work I never see before an' I never see since, an' not a soul aboard helped him as I could make out; but at last, all by himself, he shot that boat right off to sea; an' I knowed then he would bring her safe to the bay. The work was all done; I stopped cryin' an' began to laugh an' the natives, men an' women, laughed, too, an' clapped their hands an' called out in their own language, "Well done," or "Pretty good," or somethin' like it.

I got a couple of girls to carry somethin' to eat, the men would have felt insulted if I had asked them, an' I took what I could myself, an' we run all the way over to the bay, but there wasn't no boat in sight an' it was a good while afore we see anythin' of her. At last she showed, but she was a long way out; that was nothin' she would git in in time an' in time she come. Bill called to me an' the girls to come into the water an' pull her in. One of the girls took the rope an' me

an' the other went to the stern where the water was up to our chins, an' we run the boat in an' made her fast. Bill was pretty well done for. He motioned me to come aboard an' there they all was, a dead man in sailor's cloths an' two more dressed the same way that was pretty near dead. Then a dead boy an' then a girl, awfully pretty but thin, oh, so thin, she might have been dead, too, an' a well-dressed man who looked pretty wild in the eyes, though he had stood it better than any of 'em. It was easy enough to see why they hadn't managed the boat, they couldn't; hadn't the strength to do it, an' if Bill hadn't gone out she'd have gone on the rocks an' all in her been lost. They had some little provisions left in the boat, their trouble had been want of water; it was from that the sailor an' the boy had died an' the rest would have follered soon enough if they hadn't struck the island. Bill handed me a dipper. I knew what that meant an' was off to the spring in three jumps. It did me good, though, to see the signs of civilized life again, an' I couldn't keep my eyes off the dipper.

First Bill give the girl a little water on the tips of his fingers an' when he thought she'd got enough, he give the man a swaller or two. He says in a faint voice: "Mercy," or some-thin' like that, an' I says: "Bill, he thinks we are cannibals, seein' as how we are naked." Then Bill looked toward the girl an' he says: "Hank, it is awful to have to go around this way in the company of a pretty, civilized white girl; we must do

somethin' to partly dress ourselves." By this time he had given some water to the sailor men, an' he says to me: "Let's take the bodies ashore. It's hard for the livin,' run down an' feeble as they be, to have 'em before their eyes."

So we drew the body of the sailor up on the sand; but when we come to move the body of the boy, the man motioned to us to stop, an' said somethin' in a language we couldn't understand, but we knew what his motions meant well enough. Then Bill he tried to talk with him by signs, an' it come out out that the man could speak a little English after all. An' mixin' up his French, for it was French he talked, with what little English he could think of, he let us know that the boy, sixteen years old, was his son an' the girl, four years older, was his daughter. *Filly*, he called her. Bill showed him, as well as he could, that the boat wasn't no place for the dead body, while the livin' folks was in it, an' at last, he let us move the boy.

By this time a good many of the natives had come to the bay an', as usual, they made for the clothes both of the livin' an' the dead. Then Bill stood right up to 'em an' I could see what a hold he had got on 'em; he got one of their clubs an' he hit every man or woman a-tryin' to thieve. They was all afraid of him, a little superstitious, I guess, seein' how he had gone through the water to the boat unhurt, an' Bill went further than that, too, for he made 'em get tree branches an' build up a place to put the folks in from the boat.

We buried the bodies, tellin' the man what we was goin' to do, an' he made no objections; but before we buried 'em Bill says to me: "If we was at home, we'd think it was pretty hard to have to wear dead folk's clothes; but what can we do? We can't show ourselves, as we are, when that girl's around. I didn't have time to think of it when I was on the boat an' now the excitement is over, well I won't go where she is, any more than I can help, till I get somethin' on, an' I don't suppose you will either but we've got to see her an' wait on her. We'll take the clothes off of these bodies an' give 'em a good washin'. The man's clothes is small for me an' the boy's clothes too small for you, but we can git 'em on an' fix ourselves to look decent." And so we did. Then there was a big hubbub again among the natives. We was puttin' on style an' they didn't like it, but Bill knew how to handle 'em now an' he beat 'em out easy enough. It wasn't like old times.

Well, all the folks that was in the boat that was livin' when she come ashore, got well. We stayed with them an' altogether we made up a little village on the bay an' little by little our new friends come to speak some English an' we picked up some French. The two sailors was rough customers. Bad hard faces they had, an' though they talked in their own language, that we couldn't understand much of, we knew they was sayin' rough things about the girl. One of 'em had just

come out of jail at Marseilles, when he first shipped an' seemed rather proud of it. They used to go over among the natives some an' in that way lost most of their clothes, but neither Monsieur Franchot, that was the gentleman's name, or his daughter saw the islanders except as they come over to us an' then we took care that they saw as little of 'em as we could. Monsieur had taken passage home from the East Injees in the Jean Rousselle. She was wrecked in the typhoon that hit us, just about to go down when all aboard took to the boats. This boat got separated from the rest about fifteen days before she struck us. Six persons in her an' very little water. The boat had been run in the hope of strikin' some of the islands; but the men give out for want of water, the second mate dyin' two days before we see her. Monsieur lived in the West Injees, had gone to France with his sick wife then round the Cape of Good Hope; his wife died, he started back the other way with his two children, was wrecked an' glad to find shelter on a savage island.

It was a kind of new life to us havin' civilized folks about us, but pretty soon there was trouble enough on our hands. The natives got awfully jealous an' especially the girls. Bill an' me talked it over an' agreed that we would go over pretty often an' swim with 'em an' act as if nothin' had happened; but we had clothes now, if we left 'em anywhere they would

be stole an' tore up. So one of us had to watch the clothes while the other one went into the water, takin' turns, an' in that way we got things quieted down pretty well.

The French girl was pretty; such eyes I never see in a woman's head. But her looks wasn't all; it was her ways; they took right hold of me. Before she could speak English she would look at me so grateful for every little thing I done for her; an' then I found that *Merci*, in her language, meant, thank you, or somethin' of that kind; when she said it the sweetest smile would come on her face; I can see it all now. She sung an' her father sung, too, an' when we had picked up the tunes they made me an' Bill sing with 'em. Our voices wasn't so bad, 'specially Bill's, but I guess the nearest we come to singin' in tune was to put the others out of it. We thought so ourselves an', though the sailors turned their backs, I could see 'em grinin' to each other. Bill had saved their lives that was plain enough to 'em but they hadn't no gratitude; didn't know enough to be grateful, anyhow.

I begun to have a queer feelin' about that girl; it wasn't my fault neither. It just come on me an' I couldn't help it, an' it wasn't the fault of anybody, or anything, but her own handsome face an' her own good, gentle an' affectionate ways.

I didn't tell Bill, of course, what ailed me because I didn't know it myself; if I had I guess I would have run to him right

off to tell him how I felt, but I knew afterwards, when I couldn't talk to anybody, that I was dead gone about her.

I kept thinkin' of her all the time. It worked queer in my mind, too; I didn't think of marryin' her, I hadn't got so fur as that. It was a kind of an all-over feelin' just as if she was somethin' too great fur me to think about. So I kept on in that way, thinkin' of her all the time an' I don't believe a soul but me knew it. Bill didn't see it, Monsieur didn't see it; whether Mademoiselle saw it or not I don't know. She didn't show that she did; she was awful good to me, an' I thought she liked me; she acted as if she did, that was all I knew an' I hadn't got so fur as to think why she acted so or how she felt to me; an' so everything she done, every word an' every smile she give me, would come back to me over an' over again, when I was away from her an' I walked about with a dazed kind of feelin', just thinkin' about her all the time an' nothin' else.

Bill was all this while dryin' an' saltin' away all the fish an' birds that he could git hold of that we didn't eat, an' hidin' away everything else in the provision line that would keep, but he said nothin' to nobody. I see it of course an' waited for him to speak, but he didn't, so one day I asked him right out what it meant. Of course I had just as soon ask him as not, we'd always said just what we'd lik'd to each other, but, as I thought he had ought to have told without askin', I spoke a

little stiff an' formal. I was standin' close to him, an' he took hold of my ear an' give it a pull, laughin' at me as he done it.

"I ain't quite ready to talk yet, Hank," he says, "or wouldn't be if you hadn't made me. I've kept still for several reasons. In the first place, I don't want them yellor dogs to know we are goin' to run away from 'em. I ain't afraid of the whole crowd if they come out open, but they might smash the boat or do somethin' like that, so I have so fur made it a secret. You know one can keep a secret safe enough; how many more *will* keep it, we don't know; that don't mean you, you're true stuff, but that yellor girl that likes you so much, watchin' you close might see you do somethin' or hear you say somethin' that she'd tell the crowd an' set them all a boilin'; they're a mighty sharp lot, you know that well enough.

But that ain't all of it, or so much of a reason as the danger of raisin' false hopes. If we talk of this before we have anythin' done it might never come to much. Then everybody would feel worse than if we never had thought of it. Now I don't think so much about myself an' you don't seem to be worried much either, but it makes me 'most crazy to think of Josephine, livin' here as she does. I would take any chance to get her out."

I knew in a minute from the look on his face what he meant.

I couldn't answer him at once but when I could talk, I said pretty faint:

"You're sweet on her then?"

"Sweet on her, Hank? Why I love her, would give up my life for her, go to the end of the world for her. You don't know how I feel, Hank, an' I can't tell you; but then——" he stopped an' thought a minute.

"I am a poor sailor boy; she is a shipwrecked girl; here we are equal. If, by God's help, we get out of this strait, what? Her father is a rich man; he told me as much, givin' out to me that he means to do a good deal for me; grateful enough to me now, an' encouraging me all he can; but will he be the same man when we get among civilized folks, if ever we do? I guess I'd go crazy if they turned on me then. I say they; I don't believe Josephine would do it, but her father might make her," an' he seemed to be all excited an' frightened at what he had made up himself.

If Bill had walked up to me without sayin' a word an' knocked me down, an' kicked me an' thrown me into the surf to drown, he wouldn't have hit me harder. He didn't see I was hit, for I never showed much what I felt, an' I kept mighty cool now, an' besides he was so took up with the idea of gettin' away an' with thinkin' about that girl just as I was,

that he couldn't think of anything else or see what was goin' on before him. Bill, as I told you, wasn't a feller that studied about other folks much. He could start a thing himself well enough, but he didn't take much pains to find out what them about him was thinkin' of or whether their notions was good or bad.

"Well, Bill," I says, just as quiet an' cool as I'm talkin' to you now, "since we've gone so fur let's have the rest of it. Don't you fear, I won't blab. Them girls don't git half as much out of me as you think; an' besides you've been sweet on a lot of 'em yourself; they may pump you." He laughed.

"I understand, Hank," he said, "but this is an awful time with us, 'it's neck or nothin', first to get away from here; then to go, God knows where, there's danger all round, but I know you'll stand by me." "Hain't I always stood by you, Bill?" I says.

"Yes, yes, but this is somethin' new, a new conditon of affairs. I ain't so reckless as I used to be. I have got somethin' to live for now; it makes me feel selfish and I don't want to die just yet, by drowning at any rate. I'll get you all away safe an' sound. I got you in a scrape once and you may not have as much confidence in me as if I hadn't done it; but I've thought it all over and we stand an even chance to get

out alive. Your as good as any three men, always doin' the best, takin' what comes to you an' never complainin', or makin' anybody about you uncomfortable, an', though you may not see it, I've learned a lot since we got left here. I am a good deal more of a man than I was when we first come. Havin' to work these cusses here has made me think. I'm older too, at any rate I've done with takin' chances an' gettin' into scrapes just to show somebody how smart I be."

Then he told me that when he was ready for it he meant to put us all on the boat and take the chances of escaping. With a compass that the dead mate had used he thought he could find his way an' keep a pretty good notion of where he was runnin'. He would keep goin' on until he fell in with a ship, or come to some place where ships was likely to call. If water or provisions run low, there was islands on the way that we was goin'; we could git in somewhere, provision an' water, an' go on; time wasn't of no consequence; we could spend it on the boat, if we could keep afloat, just as we could here, an' we would feel besides that we was all the time doin' somethin' to get back to the world. He was goin' to try to deck the boat over a little with some canvass he found in her; just a place to keep the provisions an' for Josephine. He had gathered some big thorns an' dried 'em an' he could use 'em in the canvass about as well as if they was nails.

Well, a little after we had this talk, queer notions come into my head. Little by little the feelin' got hold of me until I made up my mind that I would tell Bill, without givin' much of any reason or lettin' him get any out of me, that I would do what I could to help him get away so fur I would do my duty by all, but when I'd done that I'd stay right where I was; maybe a ship would come along an' pick me up some day, it didn't matter much anyway, but I'd stay an' he an' the French folks, sailors an' all, might try their luck in the boat an' I made up my mind too, that no coixin' or whinin' should make me change my mind or budge from the island with him.

I wanted to think I was actin' right, so I tried hard to make myself believe Bill hadn't done just the right thing by me in not tellin' me what he was up to about goin' away, till I asked him. But that wouldn't work; it was Bill's way all over, an' had been ever since we first run across each other an' I had stood up for it against the whole ship's crew. It was the way he done to everybody so I dropped that out pretty quick. Then I tried to think of somethin' he had done to me, however little it might be, but I couldn't. He had got me into a scrape, of course, but he'd got himself in just as bad, an' he'd have got me out if he could. I kept just as fur away from thinkin' about the real thing that was makin' me act

so, as I could. Somehow the notion had got into my head that this feelin' was a new thing with Bill, that he hadn't thought of it till a good while after I had; but I knew well enough it wasn't so. If I hadn't been an infernal fool, an' had kept my eyes open, I'd have seen just what had been goin' on from the start an' got used to it. Bill wouldn't speak of it to me, never would, I might have known that, an' it only just come out when I talked to him an' made him talk. I see it all plain enough after I had had the talk with him an' I kept out of the girl's way as much as I could after that, but it kept turnin' over in my mind day an' night that I couldn't go away with 'em.

I used to lie awake at night with a gnawin' feelin' that wouldn't let me sleep an' do what I could I couldn't think of anything else but this. There I'd lie an' go over to myself the talks I would have with Bill when he come for me to go on the boat, what I'd say an' just how I'd say it so he never would think that what I was doin' was anythin' more than usin' my best judgment against his, an' maybe he'd think I hadn't much confidence in his judgment; he might think that an' welcome, think anythin', so long as he didn't mix the French girl up with it. How I felt about her he or she mustn't know, an' Bill mustn't think it neither; if he dared to I'd make him lots of trouble.

So after makin' myself pretty near 'down sick, I settled good an' strong on what I would do an' on what I would say, an' waited for Bill to let me know the time he was ready to go. Then I had it all fixed for him; just the number of words an' no more.

A month, perhaps, after this talk, Bill told Monsieur, he had come to believe in Bill by this time so we all three sot down to talk it over, clear as we could, not understandin' each others language over well. Bill talked so hopeful that I began to believe he might get through, but I didn't take any interest in what he was sayin' an', if he had been watchin' close or caught quick, he'd have seen it, but he talked right along as if I felt just as he did. I took good care to let him do all the talkin' an' I kept my face turned away from him, though I don't believe he'd a got much out of it or known what I was thinkin' about if I'd looked right at him all the time; but I might break down when he appealed to me or say somethin' to make him guess I was put out; then he'd be tryin' to find out what it was an' we'd a all been uncomfortable for the rest of the time we stayed together; so lookin' away I hardly spoke. Monsieur wasn't to tell the sailors what was goin' on until just as we got ready to start, but they overheard him talkin' to his daughter, got hold of it right off, an' came near doin' a lot of mischief.

One day I was in the surf when a girl come up to me an' puttin' her arm about my neck, as if she wanted me to swim with her, she whispers in my ear that she wants to tell me somethin'. I made as if I was challengin' her to a race, an' she took after me as hard as she could. When we got pretty well away from the rest she told me that the sailors had been lettin' the islanders know by signs or somehow, that we was all goin' to run away in the boat an' she asked me not to go. The sailors, she said, didn't want to go but her folks didn't like the sailors an' didn't want 'em; they wanted Bill an' me. So some night, when all the folks at the bay was asleep, they was acomin' to kill everybody but Bill an' me, smash the boat, an' bring us back to the settlement. She said she would let me know beforehand of the night they was comin' an' I could run away an' come over to her.

There was only one thing for me to do now, tell Bill right off, an' tell him, too, that if he was goin' he must go quick an' then the question would come up about my goin'; he wouldn't ask me, he'd just think I was goin' anyway. I knew he would try to get away as fast as he could an' I knew too, he might have a big fight on his hands before he could git away to keep his boat from bein' smashed.

I hadn't much time to think there in the water but things run through my head pretty fast, an' I tried to make out how,

in all this trouble an' danger to him, I could look Bill square in the face an' tell him I wasn't goin' to stand by him. All the things I had made up so careful to say wasn't of any use now. It was just the question whether I would go or not. Then I thought of Bill an' how I had felt about him. I thought of the girl an' how I felt about her. If it had all been plain sailin', they goin' on a big ship from one place to another, sure to land, no sufferin' or danger about it, I wouldn't have stopped a minute, I'd just stuck it out, told 'em to go 'an me stay on the island, an' I suppose get as low down as the rest of 'em that stayed there, but thinkin' quick as I did, the whole picture come before me. There was Bill away out at sea, dyin' perhaps for want of my help. There was the sailors, poor sticks anyhow, but worse, they might take it into their heads to kill Bill and Monsieur when they was asleep, for they would have the watch part of the time if I wasn't along, I didn't go no further in that direction to think what might happen to the girl. But I had thought enough; they was all riskin' their lives to get away from this hole of an island. They all believed in me. They needed my help an' was I to let 'em go out, to die, perhaps, for want of it an' play hog myself because my feelin's had been hurt pretty bad? If I kept up that way of thinkin' I'd go crazy as soon as the boat had left without me. I dove under an' when I come up, all the bad notions was gone out of my head. I had made up

my mind to go along an' never say a word to any on 'em, an' I never did, about how I felt or how I had laid awake night after night broodin' over it in my mind, or that I didn't mean to go with 'em at one time. I felt a good deal better then an' kept a feelin' better as time went on.

After Bill had had his swim I told him what I had heard, an' that he must move quick; he nodded an' looked hard at me though he didn't make any answer; as soon as we got back to the bay he began to pack up, awful quiet though, an' he did it too just at the time when the sailors wasn't 'round; then he showed me how he'd been arrangin' about the water. Between what they had on the boat for storin' it an' the cocoanut shells he could get together, there was water enough to last six for three or four months, but it turned out there was only four of us after all. We watched nights, by turns, to see that there wasn't no mischief goin' on but it wasn't three days after I told Bill what I had heard, when he says, "We're off today. A fair wind, a quiet sea; as well stocked as we ever will be; all aboard." Then the sailors looked sulky; they wasn't ready to go. They wanted to say good-bye to the natives. Two days later wouldn't make any difference. It was a crazy voyage anyway an' they didn't believe in it. Bill told Monsieur to say to these men that they must make up their minds within twenty minutes or they would be left be-

hind, but, after sulkin' for a little while, they started off for the island settlement. This was enough. We all got aboard and away we went a leavin' 'em behind.

All the work of watchin' and runnin' the boat fell on Bill an' me. Monsieur wasn't good for anything an', as for his daughter, I guess Bill would have gone crazy if she'd have spoke of doin' anything. I felt the same way, but didn't show it, but Bill wouldn't eat or drink till she had eat and drunk.

He waited on her like a slave, did' all for her that she'd let him; but she wouldn't let him do much.

I didn't pay very much attention to what was goin' on among the folks in the boat, but I couldn't help seein' that the girl was as much set on Bill as he was on her, an' that Monsieur thought the sun rose an' set on Bill too. Both the Frenchmen an' the girl was awful sweet to me but Bill was everybody with 'em. I saw enough to take away any fear that Bill would get left then, an', after all he had done, I almost made myself believe I was glad to see it.

It made me feel a little lonesome an' downhearted but I didn't git mad or git the sulks again, I gave all that up when we started out an' I acted all the time we was afloat in that lonesome old craft as cheerful an' light hearted as if I really felt that way an' meant it. There was so much to do tendin'

to the boat that I hadn't time to think a great deal about what was goin' on, an' when it come Bill's watch I was so done up that I couldn't do anythin', nothin' but go right to sleep. No gnawin' feelin' now.

Me an' Bill pulled mighty well together. I believe, as Bill said, we two was equal to half a dozen first-class men an' I believe, too, that if Bill had had only the French sailors in my place, good for nothin' as they was, his boat would have been swamped over and over again. He said I had saved 'em all a number of times, an' he didn't say it to me, he said it right out to all of us, an' he put his hand on my shoulder as he done it. I suppose any good sailor could have done just as much, but I don't know whether they'd have had the feelin' to do it or not; love of life, won't always make a man put in his best licks. If you leave his judgment an' feelin's out an' throw him right back on his natural instinct, I guess he'll struggle all he can, 'specially a feller that's tenacious an' thinks a good deal of livin', but let him have the whole thing before him, with all his human feelin's at work, an' pretty much everybody will say that there are things that will make a man work harder than the thought of savin' his life alone. I was just in this shape; I didn't care whether I lived or died, dyin' perhaps had the heaviest end of it, but I wanted the rest to git out so, when things was at their worst (an' they

looked pretty bad sometime an' kept us goin' pretty steady without any sleep), I kept thinkin' I must hold out till they got better for the sake of them aboard feelin' a little proud perhaps to show 'em what I could do.

We was out about forty-six days when a whalin' vessel from New London on her way home picked us up.

Well, now, if you was to end up my story for me, I suppose you would say that when we all got back to this country the French folks shook Bill off an' that he shot himself or drowned himself or went crazy over the way they treated him, as I guess he would if your endin' of it was right. That's mostly the way rich folks in this world uses us poor folks an' it would be very natural for you to say it ended in that way, but if you said so I should say, NO, it didn't, the thing that we all agree was most likely didn't happen here. Monsieur knowed Bill pretty well by the time we got to this country an' he called Bill an' me to him, the girl bein' by, an' he says to Bill:

"I have lost a son but I have gained another. You will be more to me than my daughter's husband, you will take my son's place too."

Bill didn't say much, I don't believe he could, but he looked at him pretty hard an' then he looked at the girl. That was

enough, they couldn't have understood him better if he had have talked to 'em in the best language for an hour.

Then Monsieur an' the girl come right after me. I don't know whether Bill had told 'em, without talkin' with me, what I would do or not but they asked how long I wanted to stay at home for a visit an' just how soon I could come an' live with them. I thanked 'em, but shook my head, sayin' I was goin' home to live with my own folks. I didn't see any reason why I should go with them or anybody else. All the credit of gettin' out of the scrape we was in, belonged to Bill anyway; I hadn't had much to do with it. Bill didn't say so or make as if he thought it, but I knew it just the same. Monsieur an' the girl was a good deal surprised at first, at the way I took their invitation but then they began talkin' with me, sayin' what Monsieur would do for me an' makin' a good many handsome offers. I said no, to everything, an' I said it in a pretty stiff way, too, as if I meant it. All the time Bill looked mighty sober, an' awfully cut up when he heard the answers I give to Monsieur an' his daughter.

"Hank," he says, "I don't know as I have any right to talk here on the part of our friends, but you know as well as I do that they mean what they say an' that you would be almost doin' 'em a favor to go with 'em, an' take what they offer; an' I tell you as your friend, that it'll be the makin' of you if you

do. But there's another way of lookin' at it, about which I feel I've got a right to speak. We have been through so much, suffered so much together, an' come out so well, that it seems to me we belong to each other an' ought to keep together. You know I belong to these folks now. It seems like breakin' up a family to hear you talk of not goin'."

His eyes twitched for a minute an' then he went on.

"You may not have any feelin' at leavin' me, Hank, though I hope it ain't so bad as that, but whether you have or not, I have a good deal about lettin' you go. It makes me almost sick to think of it."

I looked the other way, for a few minutes; I couldn't look at Bill at all, but I had made up my mind. There wasn't no danger to any of 'em now. They'd all got home or pretty near it, so I held out. I said to Bill what I had told Monsieur an' his daughter, that nobody could do anything for me then. I had made up my mind to stick to my callin' an' so we'd have to part; I told Bill how much I thought of him an' always should but that we'd all got to make our way in the world an' with that I pretended to laugh it off, though as I felt I could have a good deal better laid right down an' cried an' bawled. So we said good-bye all 'round an' they toted Bill off to the West Ingies an' I never seen him again.

My folks had heard I was dead. The story brought home was that Bill an' me had deserted an' been killed an' eat by cannibals; but everybody was glad enough to see me an' to git me back an' that was better than goin' to live with them French folks.

Here Long stopped, but one of his cronies sitting by nudged him.

"That ain't all your story, Hank. Barton never went back on you, for all the way you acted. This man will think he did if you don't tell him the rest."

"The rest, what do you mean by the rest?"

"Why how he acted after that. He'll think he acted mean; forgot all about you."

"I hain't said nothin', as I know of, to make him think so; there ain't a mean hair in Bill Barton's head, an' never was."

"I think you said you never heard of him again," I suggested.

"No sir-ee. I didn't say nothin' of the kind or intimate it either. I said I never see him again. After a while he wrote me from the West Injees, sayin' how sorry he was that I didn't come along and how much he missed me. Tellin' how well

he was treated an' that he was married an' how happy he an' his wife was, an' sendin' me a whole lot of money from Monsieur. I was just goin' on another voyage then, an' that letter, I don't know why, upset me so that I was down sick, an' like to be laid up for a good while. I was glad to hear from Bill, glad to hear how well he was doin' an' that he was happy, but somehow it made me sick all the same, an' it looked for a while as if I'd have to stay at home. But the ship was like to be short handed an' waited for me until I was well enough to go. Before I went away I thought over all about the money Bill had sent me. I didn't feel like keepin' it an' I couldn't send it back; so out of it I payed the doctor an' some debts I owed an' divided the rest in my family. I couldn't answer Bill's letter an' I never did.

I was away off an' on a good many year. When I was thirty year old I got married an' we had some children, but my wife an' all the children died, only one girl. She married a feller here that keeps a meat market an' I'm livin' with 'em.

I'd been home livin' here for a number of year, when one day a letter come from France over to Nantucket askin' about me. That letter was from Bill. The Nantucket folks knew I was here an' sent the letter over to me. At first I thought I wouldn't write, but as Bill had took all this trouble to look me up, I sot down an' wrote him where I was an' how I was.

Then right off come another letter with two thousand francs inside, askin' me to come over to France an' see him. If I wouldn't, or couldn't come, I was to keep the money; he would send me just the same every year, an' more if I needed it, an' so he has. He had got to be a big merchant an' a rich man, no associate for such a poor devil as me; that's what I thought but he didn't seem to think so. He had an aunt or some relation livin' over here when we went out together but she died while he was away on the first voyage, so I suppose he won't never come here again. After all Bill is a good feller, but as I say, I ain't no associate for him, he a rich man, an' me—a poor broken down old sailor.

And without another word he walked out.

"We've heard some of this story before, but not so much of it." One of the men said. "He's very proud of Monsieur Barton, as he calls him, but he won't own it. Barton has tried to get him to France, tried to do a lot for him, but the most that Hank will let him do is to take the money he sends him. He kicked at that at first, but he was ashamed to send it back and now he takes it when it comes."

"And he really has an affection still for his old comrade?" I asked.

"Affection? Brothers ain't in it; daughters and grandchildren ain't nowhere. Only one thing keeps him from

ownin' up that he thinks more of him than anybody in the world, only one thing the matter, Barton is rich, an' Hank, is poor."

A Wall Street Incident.

A Wall Street Incident.

I.

On the twenty-sixth day of July, 1893, about four o'clock in the afternoon, two men were seated in the private office of Smith, Morrison & Co., Bankers and Brokers, Broad Street, in the City of New York, engaged in earnest conversation. A storm was gathering in the sky, threatening every moment to burst, and darkness, almost of night, had settled upon the city; but they did not seem to be aware of it, so intent were they upon the subject under discussion.

A financial storm, that earlier in the day had passed over the street, had so shocked those who had been hit, that they were quite indifferent to any unusual disturbance of the atmosphere. The condition in the Stock Exchange had been fearful. One stock alone had fallen seventy points and, though the depreciation in other securities had not been as great, it had been great enough to carry ruin and bankruptcy to many who were engaged in business of a speculative character. Loans

for trifling amounts could not be had even upon securities of the highest class.

One of the men, older than the other by a number of years, was at first quite imperative in his manner. The other, while he had reached man's estate, looked young. Quiet in his manners, and hardly opening his thin lips as he gave utterance to his words, he yet spoke with dignity and firmness. He was a tall, strong, well-built young fellow, with a handsome, and ordinarily rather good natured face, but now, it bore a look of distress, perhaps a look of terror also.

"I say to you, Fred," the elder man said, "it must be done. The market can't help changing for the better; you must put up this ten thousand additional; whether you like it or not; I say it must be done."

"And I say to you, Robert, that I will not do it. You have been kind to me, advanced me—perhaps more than I deserved, been my friend from the time when I came here, four years ago, a boy of twenty, and you have given me a good character to those whose opinions would be of value to me, never refused me leave to come and go as I liked, but in what situation have you placed me now?"

"A year ago you came to me, with three thousand dollars; you did not ask, but directed me to open an account with Waltham Brothers for the purchase of stocks, open it in my name,

but for you and you alone, because you said, you expected to get a partnership here and did not wish to appear to be speculating. I hesitated, as you know. I had saved a little money and, after saving a little more, hoped to be able to get married and I said so to you. You urged that there was no danger; that you would keep the margin good and take up the account any moment I said so. This cursed panic came upon us, I advised you to sell out and stand your loss, but you were infatuated. You, a man of more than ten years' experience in the street, would not listen to the advice of a boy, even though that boy was in distress and feared ruin to himself as the consequence of holding on. I must have a little nerve and see you through; your answer to my entreaties was, 'Fred, hold out a few days more, and I will make it all right,' and so I was put off until a big debt was piled up against me at Walthams. You raised what money you could, I gave up my savings, but all sank out of sight in a day; you took two thousand dollars of bonds belonging to this firm and gave them to me to put up as additional margin, and this has been repeated until eight thousand dollars has been taken. I know we are both equally guilty, but I know, too, that this is not my affair at all and that I would never have handled one of those bonds, if you had not solemnly pledged to me your word that you would redeem them the moment I called upon you. I have called upon you, and you say that you can do

nothing more. You ask me to add to the wrong I have done by taking ten thousand dollars more of these people's property. I will go no further, Robert, that is my answer."

"A fine time," the other replied, "to ask me to pay twelve thousand dollars. You know, as well as I, that no money can be had from the banks; that we are hardly able to get checks cashed where we keep accounts; yet you stand up here, and like a sentimental school girl, ask me to do something that you know is impossible, and when I say that I cannot you invite ruin to us both. There is but one way; will you take those securities to Waltham Brothers, or will you not?"

"I will not. Take them yourself, if you want to, though I advise you not to do it. Why have you insisted, for the last few months that I had complete custody of the securities here? You know they are in your charge and that I am your assistant."

The other unbent at once.

"Don't let us quarrel, Fred, whatever we do. We are both in a bad scrape and must try to look ahead a little. I believe that one more effort would pull us out, not bring back the twenty-five thousand dollars that we have lost, but let us out on the securities of the firm that we have pledged. You won't act on my advice and it leaves us in devilish bad shape. What do you intend to do when Waltham's sell? This office will recognize the bonds at once."

"That is a question for you to answer. You have brought me into all this trouble; get me out of it. Your father is the real head here, devoted to you and your wife and child, if you tell him the truth he will not let us suffer. I will tell him if you say so."

"And bring about what we most fear, exposure, disgrace, punishment. I tell you, Fred, this firm cannot protect any one; it is insolvent, that's the plain truth, and we are both in danger of State's prison."

"So you believe that Mr. Morrison could not raise twelve thousand dollars to take up those bonds, or at least let them go and say that they were pledged with his approval?"

"I know that he could not; those behind him would not allow it, even to protect me. He has already strained every nerve to get through; these securities do not belong to him, they are a part of a reserve fund, and in his present condition he has no one to appeal to. What do you say now?"

"Exactly what I said before; that I will not add to the wrong I have done. It may be that what is done, cannot be undone, but I will not commit a new crime. You may act upon that assurance."

"Very good. I got you into this trouble and I must do the best I can to protect you. We cannot go to prison. Have you no one to whom you can apply for the money needed?"

"No one to whom I will apply; about that I am quite as decided. The law may take me, if I cannot escape, but I will not, to shield myself, involve my friends. You may act upon that also."

"Then we must both leave the country. You go first; I will stay for a few days and watch, then go in another direction."

"But I cannot leave this country. You know how I am situated; know of my engagement to Margaret Randolph. It would ruin me; it would kill her. Oh, Robert, Robert, is there not some way by which this can be avoided. I will pledge my work for years, bind myself as a slave almost, but I cannot break up my associations here; it would break my heart to do it. There must be some way out of it."

"It ought to be as plain to you as it is to me," the other replied. "This panic has completely changed everything. We are all ruined and it is only a question of time when the public know it. For myself I see but one course, I must leave this country. You may remain, tell your own story; morally your friends may not think so ill of you, but criminally you will be punished, depend upon that; there is a good deal of feeling about this kind of business, anyway, and public sentiment will be hard upon us both. You can save all this by putting up these bonds."

“If I must go, Robert, I will, but I will not take the bonds, and I will never go to prison; I will shoot myself sooner. You know my decision. Did you see that flash of lightning? What a furious storm!”

“Don’t talk to me of storms; you and I are out in a pretty bad storm ourselves and with very little to shelter us. It is useless to say to me that I got you into this trouble, you might as well talk to the table; I did it, I know, and would help you out if I could, but I can’t help myself. The only question is which of us shall abscond first. Neither should leave a trail. We must both be lost to the world; disappear as if we had never been. I will go first, if you say so, but then discovery follows at once; you are apprehended and the thought that I am responsible for it will only add to my troubles. On the other hand you leave on your three weeks vacation; I will put Waltham’s off till that time then go myself when I know that you are out of danger.”

The young man made no reply for some minutes. Then he said: “I have something over two hundred dollars; my father will give me three hundred more if I ask him; that much will not distress him at all, though he is not a man of means. I will begin my vacation the day after tomorrow at noon. You have a picture of me, give it back and I will destroy it; there are a few others in the hands of my friends, I think I can

get hold of them too. It is not the fear of detection, but the thought of my picture being paraded in the newspapers as that of a thief. It is idle for us to say more. My life is ruined and I go out a wanderer, heart broken, crushed; but I do not blame you; you could not see what was coming; I hope there may be better days for you. Well, the storm is over and the sun shines again, but not for me."

II.

"I ask you again, what ails you? You say you are not ill, but you are pale, deathly pale, your voice trembles and you are as unlike your old self as if you had just come from another world. I am tired of urging you to speak and getting the same answer that it is nothing; if you have anything to say to me, do, I beg, I entreat of you, let me hear it. You hesitate, go on, go on, Fred, if you love me, talk, speak out, Oh, speak, speak!"

"I cannot tell the story; all I have strength to say is that I may be sent to prison if I stay here. Perhaps it is just but I cannot go there; there are but two ways of avoiding it, one by leaving the country, the other, I will not name. I have chosen the first, and I come to you, dear Margaret, to release you from your promise to me, to ask you to forgive me, to say good-bye to me and to forget that I ever lived."

“And this is all, Frederick Marvin, that you would say to me? ‘I must leave the country; I shall never return to you, good bye.’ In a moment we are to forget all that has gone before, the love we have shown, vowed to each other, in a moment to stifle all feeling, my love to be cast aside, treated as the affection of a child to any one who will take it by the hand. Have I ever shown any wavering in my affection, my love, devotion to you, that you think I can stand here and do as you wish? ’Tis breaking my heart, I cannot bear it; there must surely be some way by which you can stay. I will go to my father for help now; you have not relied upon me in your distress as you should, but no matter for that, though I do not know the story I will ask him to see you; with his experience and money, he may set you right again. Oh, dear boy, do trust in us!”

“Trust in you? I would trust everything in the world, my life even, with you. ’Tis not want of trust, dearest girl, it is in kindness to you that I say as little as I may. I have determined and nothing shall shake me in that determination that I will not involve others in my misfortunes; I must pay the penalty of my folly. The crime is committed, I will not demean myself by saying that it was not intended, but I do say that being done there are but two ways of escape. Do not talk much to me or I will break down. From my father and mother I can part, I shall not even tell them that I am going,

but this is, is—horrible. Oh, my dear, dear girl, loved as you deserved, loved with all my soul and mind when I was worthy of you, do not urge anything, let me go in peace; do not betray me, for that will be the result of your applying to your father. In a few weeks all will be known; then you may tell him what you will, but not now; if you have any love for me, not now.”

“I will go with you, I have some money at my command, we can be married and go together. It will not lessen what I know to be your slender means; whatever your fortune may be, I should and will share it with you.”

He hesitated for a few minutes and then answered: “It cannot be; it would mean ruin to us both. Estrangement from your family; the censure of everyone; a criminal fleeing from the country and taking a wife to share his flight. It would add horror to horror, and lead to immediate identification and pursuit. No, no; take the offer I have made, a release from the engagement and feel free from the man so unworthy of you. Forget, if you can, but at least forgive.”

“Forgiveness,” she answered, implies an injury. You have not injured me, but as you have injured yourself. I know you, believe in you, always will believe in you, no matter what happens or what I may hear, and I say to you now, that I will not be released. I have promised to be your wife, and at

any time, now or hereafter, when you are ready to keep your promise, I will keep mine. If you go away, I will keep it when you return. If you go to prison, it shall be when you have expiated your offense. If you are ill it shall be when you are restored to health, but never, never, while you live, will I cancel the vow I have made to you, and the harder the world bears upon you the closer I will cling to you. You may assume indifference, try to be brief in what you say, but you cannot conceal your meaning from me. You are distressed, distracted, not yourself, and I beg of you to let me summon to our council one wiser than ourselves. My father has always had my confidence; let him have yours."

"I cannot, Margaret. My resolution is taken, my promise to keep it given, the only doubt I have had was whether I could get over this parting. Let us talk of other things, as if this was only a wild dream; meet tonight as we have always met, and I may leave you in a calmer frame of mind."

III.

"I am surprised at what you say, Mr. Morrison. Either Mr. Marvin or myself will give our check for the loss you may have suffered from the abstraction of your bonds. You may have no objection to letting us know, the amount at least."

“Not at all. Two days after Frederick absconded, there was a turn in the market and though slight it was continuous from that time forward. We took up the stolen securities this week at a loss to us of about eleven hundred dollars and at my son’s urgent request, have passed that amount to profit and loss.”

“And as friends of Frederick Marvin, I repeat that we wish very much to make that loss good to you. Though your actions so far seem unusual, we assume that you can have no interest in pursuing him, and that if the loss is made good the trouble is ended. His conduct here, I understand, except in this instance was always correct. Had you any other cause of complaint.”

Mr. Morrison reflected a moment, then turned to his son who was sitting beside him.

“We might as well be frank with these people, Robert, and though you have cautioned me against talking, I can see no harm in stating our position.” His son made no reply and he went on. “I address myself to you, Mr. Marvin, as the father of this young man, though you have said nothing. You sir, sent your son to college at the age of sixteen, and he was graduated at twenty. It gave him, I think, some immature views that he would have changed if he had graduated a little later.”

“He was a very bright boy,” Mr. Marvin replied, “and as soon as they would take him at college, I was advised by his teacher to send him. We had no idea then of what occupation he would follow when he graduated; he had unusual taste for languages.”

“He spoke and wrote three languages, German, French and Spanish,” Mr. Morrison continued. “He was a good man in figures too. As you may suppose he was valuable to us. Robert was quite proud of him, and advanced him rapidly; he was enthusiastic, learned quickly, and seemed to take great interest in our business. We trusted him more than it was prudent to trust any man; my son Robert has not ceased to blame himself; he feels that he was too confiding, but that cannot be helped now. He abused our confidence, as you know. My son and I have talked it over and we prefer to leave matters as they are. We do not think that either the interest of this young man or our own would be advanced by allowing him to return to New York, and in that view, do not propose to take from any one the money we have lost, for the principle is wrong, but, added to that, I have some feeling on account of my son. He is blamed by those associated with me for his carelessness in trusting this young man as he did, and it may seriously affect his prospects in this business. My son is an unusually competent business man, if I say it, who should not, and this has been a severe blow to

both of us. I am not prepared to say what action we would take if the offender was here, but I tell you, that neither Robert nor myself are just now in a very forgiving state of mind. I believe I express your views, Robert, as well as my own?"

The young man bowed, but made no other reply.

"My daughter," Mr. Randolph said, "is quite ill, and for her sake I would do almost anything, to set young Marvin right. I have always had faith in him; I say this as much for his father's sake as to you, and I believe that there have been people behind him who are profiting by his absence." Unconsciously, perhaps, he looked at Robert Morrison, who arose and walked to the window.

"But," he continued, "I do not know who they are, and, in Fredrick's absence, I cannot find out." Here Robert returned to his seat beside his father. "While I think that you are cruel and unreasonable, we will not urge this money upon you, nor will we take any measures to bring young Marvin within reach of your revenge, for under your statement it comes to that."

"No, no," Mr. Morrison answered, "I did not mean that either my son or I had any revengeful feeling. We are disappointed, chagrined, and maybe injured, that is all, and we

would not, as we feel, be disposed to obstruct the law. I hope I make my position clear?"

"Quite clear enough for both of us, and so we will bid you good day."

IV.

Evening was approaching when a tired traveller unslung his handbag at an inn, in a little town of Brittany, and asked for lodgings for the night. The landlord looked at him suspiciously; his accent showed that he was a foreigner, though he spoke the French language fluently enough; he might be an American and Monsieur the Landlord had particular reasons for not desiring to entertain American guests at that time; but the traveller seemed determined to remain; he could put up with anything, sleep anywhere, and Monsieur concluded to make the best of it and give him good entertainment.

The traveller, returning from the room assigned him, and loitering about the hotel porch, soon saw that the landlord was nervous and excited; he answered questions in as few words as possible, evidently wishing to avoid suggesting others. The servants, too, instructed by their master, refused to talk, but overcaution, brought about, what Mon-

sieur, the landlord, most feared, suspicion, and finally a determination on the part of the traveller to investigate. A gift of three francs opened the mouth of a waiter and unravelled the mystery. An American had died in the house that morning, died by his own hand, taken a poisonous drug, and the body lay in a little room upstairs.

The traveller sought an interview with the landlord at once.

“What is this I hear? A countryman of mine lies dead in the house and you say nothing to me of it? You must know that I am an American. Where are the public authorities? What are the circumstances? What name did the dead man give? As a countryman of his I have the right to know.” At first the landlord was sullen and uncommunicative.

“Yes, a man died in my house this morning, but how should I know from what country he came or from what country Monsieur came either. I do not speak the English language nor do any of my people in the house.”

“But this man told the chambermaid he was an American, it must have been repeated to you. I will apply to the authorities and have the cause of death investigated.

Here Monsieur, the landlord, broke down completely. He would tell all he knew but he asked that no further appeal to

the authorities be made; it had all been arranged; further publicity would injure his house which had always borne a high reputation.

“Very good, what had Monsieur to tell; he was listening.”

“Yesterday morning, Monsieur, a young man came here on foot; exactly as Monsieur has come today. He gave me no names; two napoleons answered the purposes as well. Monsieur will remember that he himself has given no name, but one napoleon instead. He had a bag which he carried by a strap passed about his neck and under his left arm. Oh, so like that Monsieur carries, and he was just about Monsieur’s age, too. What a coincidence! He came one day, and Monsieur, so like him, followed the next. He had been drinking before he came, he drank all day and until he retired for the night. Oh, Monsieur, what could the waiters do? What could I do? The guest asked for liquor, paid for what was served to him, would not be denied; it must be given.”

“Well, what then?”

“He asked for another candle from the maid and sent me a franc for it and he asked the maid if she spoke English, telling her that he was an American. When the maid attended in the morning to put the room in order Monsieur lay dead upon the bed. A doctor was called but what could he do? It was useless. A phial upon the table told the story. What

can we do but bury the body? What has he left? Thirty-two napoleons and a few francs but that is little, very little for the trouble and distress caused by such a death in the house. The cost of burial may not be much but think of the discredit to the inn, to have a suicide occur here."

"Would Monsieur come and view the body?" Monsieur would, and go through his baggage, too. Ah, but that was soon done, there was little, very little; stockings, pocket handkerchiefs, some linen; no letters. No mark upon any of the clothes. "Yes, quite true there is nothing to indicate who he was or from whence he has come."

The man was young and in life had been handsome though there was a dissipated and distressed look about the eyes and mouth. The traveller's sympathies were a good deal enlisted; the stranger had died unknown, unidentified, he might be sought in vain for years by his friends. It so worked upon his mind that he returned to the chamber later in the evening, partly from pity, but more to fix the dead face in his recollection. There was a candle burning at the bedside and by its light, he thought he saw a movement of a muscle of the face. He called the landlord.

"Summon a medical man at once; there is life in this man, and it may be revived. 'At once,' I say; go, go."

"But, Monsieur, the death took place—"

"Then I appeal to the public authorities; choose between doing what I asked and an investigation."

"The doctor shall be brought, Monsieur; I will myself go for him."

The doctor looked bored and annoyed.

"This man," he said, "has been dead for hours. What you earnestly wish, you think may be true. Do you not think that I am as eager as you can be to restore life, but there is no life here to restore; the man is dead. As dead as he ever will be." He waved his hand and turned towards the door. As he turned there was another slight movement of the face.

"There was another movement on that face," the traveller said. "Come back for a moment."

"Because you looked upon it so intently, it moved in your mind and the impression communicated itself to your eyes. I tell you again: That man is dead."

"And I tell you in reply that he shall not be buried until I am convinced that he is dead. I will not rely upon your opinion without tests. I have money, help me to satisfy myself. If I am wrong you will be well paid. If I am right you will be paid, but I need say nothing to you of that."

The doctor approached the bed and both stood looking at the body before them.

"Poor fellow," he said, "a fine, manly face; I would that I could restore—" He seized the traveller's arm; "there was a movement of the face again, slight, but it was there—I own it."

"What! Landlord, send for my valet at once; bring cognac, hot water, hot towels, anything you have; here is a night's work before us. Monsieur, I congratulate you upon your discernment; it was better than mine. If this man's life is restored he owes it to you.

V.

"Monsieur will not need my services further, he is restored," the doctor said, three days later, addressing the traveller, but waving his hand towards the young man who had been brought back to life, and who was sitting upon the side of the bed. He looked strong enough but very subdued.

"He can travel tomorrow if he will; how wonderfully devoted you have been; he ought to know. I tell you now this young man saved your life, Monsieur; it was not me at all. I had condemned you to burial."

The sick man nodded.

"I know it and am grateful as I can be," and he looked earnestly at the traveller.

"You can show your gratitude in one way only," the doctor said. "Let him have the life that he has saved; give it to him for a time at least, if he will take it; do not try to throw it away again, or you may not be so fortunate the next time."

"I am afraid, Monsieur Doctor, that with the kindest motives, you put both this gentleman and myself in an embarrassing place. I do not object from pride, or because I would not, in my unfortunate position, avail myself of the kindness of anyone who would help me, but he has done so much for me already that I cannot ask, nay, accept, more from him if it involves his altering other plans."

"I may speak for the gentleman, then," the doctor replied "for we have conferred. He takes a deep interest in you, has offered to look after you for a time. What he would do, although I expressed it in different language than his own, is his own desire; he would aid you until you are passed all danger."

Then the traveller spoke:

"I am without any particular object or engagements. I was on my way to Vannes, but I have nothing to do there and need not go. I am quite at your service if you would like my companionship; the doctor thinks it best that it should be so. If you accept it say so frankly; if you do not want it, as frankly say no."

"Then, I do gratefully accept it and will stay with you as long as you will keep me. I have begun to think myself over, something that I have never done before, and it may be that I will turn out better than you expect. Monsieur Doctor, the landlord has my money; let me know the sum I owe you in francs; my debt of gratitude I can never repay. I will give you what I can and send you the rest as soon as I reach Paris. Here is my visiting card," and tearing a piece of blank paper, he wrote upon it and gave to each, the name, "Henry Randolph Newton."

The doctor bowed and gave to each a card in return, but the traveller only said: "My name is Eugene Mason."

"Then Monsieur Mason and Monsieur Newton, I will bid you adieu. I have no charge and will accept nothing. I blundered at the outset, and only corrected my mistake at this gentleman's earnest entreaty. Again, adieux," and the doctor took his leave.

"Are you strong enough to go to the garden?" Mason asked.

"Yes, I feel about as strong as ever. I would like to return to Paris tomorrow, if agreeable to you. I expect to find a letter there with a remittance; you hesitate; anywhere then, and I will have the letter forwarded. The doctor was kind but I can not take his offer; as soon as I am in funds I will

compensate him in the form of a present. Now I am with you to the garden." When they were seated there, the young man resumed; "If you are to take care of me you ought to know whom you have in hand. I am Harry Newton, the idol of his mother, the youngest and spoiled child of my family, and I know now, though I never realized it before, that I am a half-crazy simpleton."

"Don't say that; your looks, you figure, your breeding, your conversation, all belie your words. If you would have me judge from the way I found you, it does not prove what you say, for I tell you, without going further, that I have contemplated ending my own life too, though now there is no danger of my doing so. I am not a half-crazy simpleton, nor are you. Go on with your story."

"I was brought up in New York, well brought up, but everything I did was praised, until I ceased to discriminate. As it was easier to act without application and, as I received as much praise and encouragement when I failed as I would have received if I had succeeded—my want of success always being attributed to some cause other than the right one, I became lazy and consequently ignorant and selfish. You may find those things in me yet, for my attempt at reformation is only three days old and it is only within that time that I have come to know or understand myself at all; I will keep them

under cover to you, as much as I can; if they come to the surface you must bear with them. How I got into college I don't know; I was conditioned in about everything and I failed to graduate, but I was told at home that I had been discriminated against, those less qualified had been graduated without any question, and I was foolish enough to believe it. Then I fell in love; you may not believe it, but it is true, that my love was returned. What the lady saw in me to love, looking back as I do now, I can not imagine. I am not ill looking, it may have been my personal appearance, but taking myself in review, I know that a more conceited, selfish, ill-mannered coxcomb, or one less deserving of the love of a lady like Georgiana Alsop did not exist. She was gentle and forbearing to my faults but never flattered me, except that she would sometimes say that I had ability enough and a good affectionate disposition, if it had not all been turned awry. The first I was ready enough to believe; the last nettled me a good deal and I resolved that I would show her that other women held me more highly and appreciated me, if she did not, and make her jealous if I could. But here my training interfered. I must accomplish my end in the easiest way and the easiest way was to hang about the theatres and associate with the chorus girls. As long as I had money, and I had plenty, they were willing to receive my attentions. I carried these attentions so far that Miss Alsop resented it. 'Not,' she said, 'be-

cause I showed attention to other girls, but to such girls.' A quarrel was the result, and, though it nearly broke both our hearts, it was not made up. My family were alarmed at my associations and sent me to Paris to live for a year.

"Up to that time I had drank moderately; after I came to this side I became dissipated, seldom going to bed sober. I felt that my life was a failure but I did not know why. At Trouville I met Miss Amelia Revere, an American girl who was studying art in Paris. Her father and mother were with her, as they did not think it well that she should be abroad alone. How I became infatuated with her I do not know, but I was soon laying out upon her all the money I got from home, at that time a large amount. She seemed to appreciate me and was constantly pointing out strong points in me that I had never known and do not now believe that I possess. I was a little disgusted that her father should apply to me to borrow money so often but his daughter was not to blame for that. She seemed in love with me and showed it in every way for a while. Some meddling person wrote to my father and mother of what was going on, and my allowance was reduced to very moderate proportions.

"I told Amelia of what had happened; she did not seem surprised, but I think she must have felt that she was the cause of it. I could do little for her then and I frankly said

so. She made no reply but soon her manner changed and she treated me almost with contempt. I remonstrated, she called me a fool and we had a lively quarrel. I saw nothing before me; I left off drinking for a day or two, and perhaps losing the effect of my accustomed stimulant made me low spirited. I determined to end my life, but I did not want my family disgraced by my suicide, so removing everything by which I could be traced, and taking to the road, I came to these mountains. You know the rest."

"And you are still infatuated with Miss Amelia?"

"I don't know; the shock which I have had, a release from the grave, has worked a complete change in me. If I am to live, I must live for something. I really know nothing of the girl; she may be fond of me and I would not begin my new life by a dishonorable action. My earlier affection for Miss Alsop is still strong; the only real one. I will take your advice as to whether I shall see this woman again."

"And I will give it when we return to Paris and I am able to take in the whole situation. We will dismiss the subject now. You have headquarters in Paris?"

"Oh yes."

"And so have I; and while they are quite humble, I must ask you to live at them with me."

"If it is for the sake of economy, I am rich, or my family is, which is the same thing. You need not consider the expense of our living."

"I am not Amelia, and will not prey upon your purse; but aside from that I prefer to live where I am known; will you come?"

"Wherever you go; your decision is mine."

"Then we will make a mental record here that on the 29th day of September, in the year of Grace, 1893, you were restored to life, and so depart."

VI.

"You have not met Miss Revere since we returned to Paris?"

"No, I promised you that I would not. That should be the best answer. She sent a note to my former lodging asking me to call. I did not think it worth mentioning to you; she does not even know where I am."

"And you had better not let her know where you are, either. Listen to this report, which you can verify yourself, if you doubt it."

“‘Louis Revere, known as Colonel Revere; born in the West Indies; an adventurer wholly irresponsible and unprincipled. His wife is an American woman and his children, a son and daughter, were born in the United States of America. The daughter is studying art and the family is supported by her. She is the mistress of the Baron Jean Le Pierre, prominent in musical circles, who allows her an amount of money sufficient for her education and support. She has lately obtained considerable sums from a dissipated American. The son is a lad of fourteen.’ Have you any doubt of the accuracy of this report?”

Newton did not answer at once and his companion repeated the question.

“No, no! It was not that I doubted. I was thinking of the horrible nightmare from which I have just emerged. I wrote to my mother as soon as I came here with you, wrote her frankly what I had been and what I hoped to be in the future; that I had been dead and was alive again. I think she suspects that I have contracted the habit of killing myself; that unless she is with me I may not be able to reform it; at any rate she sails a week from yesterday by the French line, and will be here week after next. She did not know into what good hands I had fallen; I tried to tell her but she will not understand until we meet face to face.”

“Your letter, if it is as blunt as you tell me, must have given them a shock; whatever terms you used the story was there, that you had led a wild life, had been led to commit a rash act, and had been rescued from its results by an accident and that you were living with a stranger about whom you knew nothing.”

“It might appear so upon the paper but I can say to my father and mother, as I say to you, that that man is no stranger to me now; I know him well and some day, if all goes right, he will know how fond I have become of him. It is not from gratitude alone though it began with that, it is that I have come to know you.”

Mason turned away his head.

"I wish," he said, "that I was more worthy of your regard ; but let that pass. Do you intend to return to New York with your mother?"

“I hardly know. My father is in bad health, and, now that I have determined to be good for something, I may be of use to him. My course will depend somewhat upon yours. If I go back to New York you will go with me. I do not ask whether you are here for pleasure alone, or upon business, but in either case what I offer will be an advantage to you.”

His companion remained silent for a few moments; then began upon another subject.

VII.

A week later the young men were again discussing Harry Newton's future movements. Without giving any promise he inferred from Mason's conversation that he intended returning to America soon. Both seemed tired of living abroad and agreed that it was better to be engaged in active business in their own country. The subject of the Revere family had come up again, but was being laughingly put aside, when Newton, answering a knock at the door, was told that a lady wished to see him.

"It is probably Amelia," he said to his companion. Then to the servant, "Did she give her name?"

"No, she said that Monsieur would see her."

"Let her come up," Mason said, "if she is determined to pursue you we will both talk plainly to her now and tell her that her character and designs are known."

"You should receive her at the door, then," Newton answered. "It is better so. I do not want any affectionate demonstrations here."

The servant returned, ushering in a handsome, middle-aged lady. She neither spoke to or looked at Mason, but, rushing past him, threw her arms about Newton, exclaiming:

"My own dear, dear boy!"

The son was almost as much affected as the mother; both were sobbing and Mason turned his back to them. After a little time, Newton led the lady forward and presented her to Mason as his mother. She was polite, a little formal, but cordial, too. She had come, she said, a week earlier than she intended; she was so worried and distressed that she could not wait. So this was the gentleman about whom Harry had written, and to whom she owed so much; she had his letter in her pocket and some day she would like to read it to Mr. —. “Mason,” her son suggested. “Oh, yes, Mason, she never could remember names, and then he would know what nice things Harry had said about him.” Then she gave her son the news from home. His father was very ill and she had not shown him the letter that had brought her here; but “Harry,” she said, “why do you live in such disreputable lodgings? I was told before I came here tonight that the reputation of this place was really very bad; that men who are under suspicion lodged here and for a small sum were warned if the authorities were seeking them. Oh, Harry, that you should select such a place; come with me at once to the Chataham, where I am staying, and bring your friend if you like.” But here the friend, so invited, interposed to say that, while he appreciated her kindness, he could not accept it.

“That is as you may feel about it,” Mrs. Newton said. “I do not wish my son to stay here; it is out of keeping with all

his associations. He was always a proud boy from a child. He was ten years younger than the youngest of my other children; the older ones treated him as a pet; they taught him all manner of tricks; curly-headed little fellow that he was; he was bright, an uncommonly bright child; grew up to be a very bright young man; I need not say that he was handsome, you can see that yourself. As for all this bad conduct about which he writes me I can not believe it; it is so unlike him; he must have exaggerated, but, whether it is true or not he goes back to New York with me, where there is a young lady dying for him. Don't blush, Harry, Georgiana is just devoted to the ground you walk upon, and you will tell me so when you see her. She tries by all sorts of ways to hear from you, without asking outright, but I only smile and sometimes tell her a little——

“Well, the carriage is waiting at the door. I am sorry to take you away from your friend, I suppose he will feel lonely; but your mother has the first claim upon you; he knows that.”

“I will go with my mother to her hotel and return in two hours,” Newton said. “We can do all our talking by that time.”

“No, Harry; don't make a promise that you cannot keep; you are to go with me to the Chataham tonight and tomorrow have your luggage brought there and you are to remain there

with me until we sail for home. Do not mislead your friend or acquaintance or whatever the relation is, it is all arranged."

Before Newton could reply, Mason, smilingly, interposed; "That is exactly what Mr. Newton should do and I quite approve of your arrangement. Do not think of me for a moment; your own welfare, Mr. Newton, and the wishes of your family are the first consideration. He will remain with you, madam, as you have asked him, I know."

"Spoken like a sensible man. Harry, I am glad to find you in such good company. I was afraid, as you had written me you had picked up a stranger, his influence over you might not be good; but I am well satisfied. Get your hand-bag and come with me."

The tears almost started in Harry Newton's eyes, but his mother did not notice it, or that what she had said was causing him pain.

"Eugene," he said, "as you have urged me to go with my mother for the night I will. When I see you tomorrow morning we will talk further. Good bye then; for the first time since we came together we are to separate for a while."

"Don't talk nonsense, Harry, or Mr. Mason will think you silly. Come along with me and I will tell you all about Georgiana Alsop. I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Mason,

for the kindness you have shown to my son. My husband will write thanking you also, when we return to New York."

VIII.

It was eleven o'clock before Harry Newton returned to his lodgings. His mother had come late to breakfast and he would not leave until he had seen her. After breakfast was over, she had detained him with talk about some trifling things. As soon as he was released, he hurried away to where he had left his companion but the room was deserted. A note addressed to him lay upon the table. With trembling hands he opened it and read:

"You need me no further. The crisis with you is past and an honorable and useful life is before you. A merciful providence threw us together, as merciful to me as to you, but the end is answered; we will never meet again. Affectionately, E. M."

He read the letter over and over again. Was this man offended with him? Had the unfeeling manner of his mother made him determine to see no more of mother or son? The letter could not mean that; he might be unduly sensitive and, wishing to avoid a change of hotels being urged upon him, have taken lodgings elsewhere.

"We will meet again, dear boy," he said; "you may shake me off, if you will, but it shall not be while I am your debtor, I will trace you if I can and if you do not drive me away, we will meet again."

He began his inquiries with the concierge. Monsieur had paid all he owed to the house, it was not much, and departed. Where Monsieur had gone he did not know, any more than where he had come from; the past history of their guests, where they had been, or where they were, or where they went, was never asked about in that house. No, Monsieur had received no letters there; had left no address; no one knew more of Monsieur than he, why should they? He saw him most. Though he set inquiries on foot in every direction during the time he remained in Paris he could get no trace of his friend. Upon his return to New York he had the passenger lists of the outgoing steamers, for a long time before, examined, and the lists of the incoming packets, both upon the Northern and Southern routes were furnished to him for months after. But upon neither did the name of Eugene Mason appear.

Then a feeling, bordering upon the supernatural, took possession of him; who was it that had saved his life? This man had come to him at the critical point, brought him back to consciousness, protected him while he needed protection, then

disappeared. All efforts to trace him ended in this, that he was not in Paris, and had not left by any of the ordinary routes; thinking from time to time, until he was tired, without advancing further, these impressions gradually faded out. But the change that had taken place in his character was permanent. From his dead self he had built up a new man, avoiding every past error and habit so carefully that he would not even smoke. But most careful was he to close his ears to everything that might lead to substituting the artificial for what was real and true. When on the night before his marriage, his brother, Philip, who at first had doubted the sincerity of his reformation, took him by the hand, saying, "You have become a good, clear-headed, high-minded, reliable man, Harry, a brother to be proud of, and I can tell you——" he cut him short with this.

"I dare say that you can, but don't. I am glad to have your love, dear brother, but do not, I entreat you, give me your praise. I suffered so much mischief from undeserved praise that even a word of encouragement alarms me now. I am better than I used to be. I am doing my best. Georgiana knows it or she would not marry me. You know it or you would not have advanced me more than two hundred thousand dollars from my father's estate before it was due. Help me if I stumble, but, as long as I can walk alone, let me pass on unnoticed."

IX.

"Hi say, maister! Maister! Hi say, these 'ere victuals, ye know, will ye 'ave 'em now or will I take 'em below for to keep 'ot? Hexcuse me for touchin' of ye, maister."

"Why, King," the other replied, bringing in his head from the open window, out of which he had been leaning, "I didn't know you were here. I've been watching some street singers; poor creatures, they work hard for little pay. Set the things down, King; you needn't wait. I can help myself."

"Well, sir, I be always glad to wait on a rale gent; an' if ye don't object, Hi'll stay an' wait on ye now, Hi 'aven't hover much to do, onyways; 'ere, sir, is three bob, as Hi got from Smith, the stationer, for whatsomever you call the paper."

"A translation from Spanish into the English language."

"Hexactly, sir. Well, sir, 'e takes it, that there paper, an' 'e says, 'Habout fourpence a page hit's worth, nine sheets there is.' Of course, Hi didn't know nothink about it, whether it was much or little, but I knowed 'e'd cheat if 'e could an' Hi hup an' says, 'Hit's worth more an' that, by a good sight;' yes, maister, them's just the words Hi used, accordin' to my best recollection. 'Mind your business,' 'e says, 'that's the reg'lar price; take the money, an' get hout,' 'e says, 'or Hi'll put it back in the till,' 'ee says; han' with that, 'e 'ands me this three bob. Hi took the silver but didn't move for a

minute, when who should come in but a man all a-blazin' in livery, a-haskin' for that 'foresaid paper—an' Smith gives it to him as Hi gives it to 'ee. 'Ow much? says the man in livery. 'Heighteen bob,' says Smith, bowin', rubbin' 'is hands, an' smilin' as 'e give 'im change for a sovereign an' tried to look as if he 'adn't been a-robbin' of you. That's the way them fellers do poor men in Lunnon."

"Well, King, here's one of the three for your trouble. You must remember that Mr. Smith keeps a shop and assistants, and pays taxes, and has a good many expenses that we do not; he may not be so far out of the way, after all. But whether he is or not, we must take whatever he gives us or do without work. King, you told me you used to be a soldier."

"I was sogerin' for a good bit."

"What kind of life was it?"

"For a rough feller like me it wa'nt so bad. I never did object to bein' bossed around as some of the boys did. Hi could just 'old my tongue and take what the other dogs got."

"You mean, then, that it was a dog's life?"

"You're just right, sir. Only not so good a life as a 'ouse dog gets. I didn't ask for that kind of life myself; my old gov'nor had twelve children, mostly boys; the minister he says

to him one day, says he, 'Tupper, whatever be you goin' to do with l all these 'ere boys?'

" 'Make sogers of 'em,' the gov'nor answers. My old gov'nor was a queer start. 'E didn't do nothink much fer us; sometimes the 'ull lot didn't get more than twopence a day, but he thought we owed sights to 'im; give 'im all our money if 'hany we earned and him a-buyin' beer and whatsomever helse he wanted an' treatin' heverybody and leavin' us to starve it hout. It wa'nt the kind o' life Hi'd stick to any longer than Hi could 'elp. So one day I says to the gov'nor, 'Heigh-teen year old Hi be to-day an' I wish to be 'prenticed to a mason.' ' 'Old your tongue,' the gov'nor says; 'no high flyin' here; you're to be 'prentice to the Queen for a soger,' an' down I was put in black and white in the Queen's service, Richard Martin Farquar Tupper. There was a man of that name as wrote books and the gov'nor made out as he was a relation, though he never knowed what; that's how I got all them names."

"I thought your name was King."

"So they calls me; Hi'll tell you why. In our company there was nine men Richard by name. They couldn't call 'em all Richard nor yet Dick, for hup starts every man to answer to them names when 'foresaid Richard or Dick was called hupon. So they puts a 'andle to each name. There was Dick,

then Red Richard, Black Richard, Surly Richard, Good Richard, Cussin' Richard, Long Fingered Richard (called long for short), an' Bad Richard; the names give out there han' I 'adn't got one yet, an' they didn't know w'atever to call me. Some smart cove sings out, 'Call 'im King Richard!' The 'andle was hall they used, so arter that they calls me King, an' that's the name I goes by, though 'tain't my real one."

"Well, King, if that's the name by which you are to be called, I may have to ask a favor of you—ask you to hunt up for me a regiment that is going to India soon. You know which is best, and how to enlist."

"Maister (Hi calls you so 'cos you never give no name 'ere), you don't think of takin' the shillin', do you?"

"But I do, though; I am sick of this kind of life; tired of London; I might as well be anchored somewhere."

"Don't you do it, maister, don't you do it. You'll be sorry if you do, an' in five minutes arter the job's done you'll want to be hout again. For a poor devil like me it's well enough, a man need'nt know much about w'at's in print, or be a real gent, to stop a bullet or to shoot well, but you're a gen'lman, any fool can see that. Your clo's is pretty shabby an', mayhap, there ain't much in your pockets 'ceptin' the two bob you just put there, but, Lord bless you, maister, you're time an'

times over too good for a soger. Just throwin' yourself away, it is. Look at yourself now. A man wants to talk Dutch, or Spanish, or Italian, or French, or English, or Roosian. Let 'im say the word an' you're there right hoff, as big as life, ready to talk right up to 'im. A man wants figgerin' done, 'maister's the man for yer money,' I says, an' there you are again. That ain't the kind of a man to go a-sogerin', that ain't.

"Now, we start hout, you an' me, say, an' we gits a few soverings together, mayhap. You gets first class clo's an' maybe I gets a few togs that looks like a livery. You starts hup some money-makin' way, an' I gives up polishin' shoes, an' goes with you.

"Hi'm a gent's servant, Hi am, an' this gent, a gen'lman all hover, is my maister; 'e's a mighty big un, too. An' so we 'umbugs the folks, not about 'ow clever you hare, for that's hall reg'lar an' true, but habout the money you 'ave in your pockets. In a little w'ile one says to t'other, 'That maister is a hawful rich cove, a big un,' they says, "'e's the man fer ye. 'E knows w'at to do with your money, pays, let me see, twenty per cent. interest, mayhap,' an' they comes right arter you an' puts it hin your pockets. 'Do just w'at you likes with it,' they says, 'we hasks no questions, 'honly pay us twenty per cent. hinterest on our money.'"

“But what will we say to these people when they want us to give back the principal?”

“Go into the ’solvent court like a gent an’ pay a penny on the pun, see? The rest you puts away somewhere, an’ I does hall the swearin’ that’s wanted. You needn’t put your ’and to hanythink or swear a bit. No, no, don’t you think of takin’ the shillin’, don’t think of it again. If what I says won’t work, there’s other dodges just as good that Hi can tell you about. Let me see—no, not now, for there’s the bell a-ringin’ an’ nobody a-hanswerin’ it. Susan, Susan, why don’t you hanswer that bell. Well, well, she don’t hanswer the bell or hanswer me, so I’ll go down myself.

Mr. King (or Mr. Tupper) descended to the first floor and the gentleman with whom he had been talking applied himself to the food before him. Soon King’s voice was heard again. He was coming up the stairs this time, in violent dispute with some one.

“Hi tell you, ’e’s a heatin’ of his dinner. Ye cawn’t walk hin on a gent hunless ’e’s willin’. Hif I wan’t a little lame myself, Hi’d knock ye down first an’ turn you hover to the polis arterward. Say, maister, Hi hain’t a-lettin’ this ’ere man hin on ye, ’e’s a-comin’ hin spite o’ me. Shall I run for the polis or stay to ’elp put ’im hout?”

And following close upon the heels of the man whose approach he announced, King came into the room.

The newcomer seemed a good deal embarrassed, quite at a loss as to how to begin. At last he said :

"I wish to speak with you upon private business, and, of course, without this man's presence."

King took it upon himself to reply.

"No, ye don't! Say, maister, do ye want this feller put hout? 'E's 'ere, you know, without any hinvitation. Say, shall Hi throw him hout of the door or winder?"

"No, King; if the gentleman wishes to speak with me you may go below. I will ring if I want you." King reluctantly withdrew, closing the door after him.

"Excuse me," the stranger said, "if I take the liberty of hanging my hat upon the door handle—the servant has his ear at the keyhole. I believe that I am speaking to Mr. Frederick Marvin, who left New York on the twenty-ninth of July, eighteen ninety-three? That being understood, I will first ask your pardon for this intrusion. It was necessary that I should meet you, and this fellow said that you were not lodging here, refused to take my card, and roughly ordered me away. For reasons that I will explain, I would not be driven away, so I bolted past him and came in unannounced except as he heralded my coming along the stairs. I could not get at you in any other way, as you see. Allow me now to present

my card in person, Anthony L. Moore, of New York, Attorney at Law."

At first there was a surprised, a startled and distressed look upon the face of the man whom he addressed, but it soon changed to one of quiet resignation. It was some moments, however, before he answered, then in a low, subdued voice, evidently placing great constraint upon himself.

"I am Frederick Marvin, and I suppose I know also the object of your visit, and why I am wanted. You wish me to return with you to America. That being so, there is very little between us to settle and that can be done with a few words on either side; then you can leave me to myself."

"You are right in your conjecture; I am here to take you back, but it is no more than just that you should know the motive, then you can determine what course you will take, and, I may add, may not be so unwilling to talk to me. Let me say to you——"

"If you have any feeling, any pity, do not. I will go with you, that should be enough. No further words are necessary."

"But let us at least understand each other. Let me explain; I come from——"

"I cannot prevent it, but I have asked you not to talk. I do not wish to hear what you have to say. You can make

your explanation when we reach New York, if you insist upon it; that will be time enough. I will not talk to you about the object of your errand, or if you insist upon forcing the subject on me, I will not talk to you at all. I do not wish to see your legal process. I will go with you without it; only let me alone until we reach America."

"Very good, if you are determined to close my mouth; if, after all the trouble I have taken, the hunt I have had for you, I am to get no credit or to be treated with ordinary civility, I must submit and you will hear nothing further from me of why I am here. I have hunted you all over France and Germany, until I find you in London. When we reach New York, others will have something to say to you, not me; there our acquaintance ends."

"I do not wish to be uncivil, sir, but I have thought so much, suffered so much, that I am not and will not be in any frame of mind to speak with you or anyone upon the subject that brings you here until I am compelled to do so. I know I must speak in time, but until that time comes, urge me no further; upon any other subject I will talk to you. I will stay anywhere you place me until your ship sails, then I will not need watching."

"Unless you try to jump overboard."

"Do not fear; something occurred soon after I came to France that has banished from my mind all thoughts of vio-

lence to myself. I give you my word of honor, though you may not put much value upon it, that I will not try to escape from you here or upon the water. Rely upon it, you shall deliver your prisoner safe in New York."

"Upon other subjects, then, I may talk to you without offense?"

"Yes; any other."

"To-day is Monday; we will not sail for home until Saturday; come to the tailors with me now and order some clothes, yours are very bad; shabby and quite worn out; I would be ashamed to travel with one so poorly dressed. You need not fear, the money that will pay for your outfit comes from a source to which you will not object, put in my hands for the very purpose. You hesitate still? Do not, I beg of you; it is unreasonable and cruel; I know you are not so ill-natured as that and that you will come. Next, you are to leave here, and go with me to the Savoy, where I lodge. Under the agreement proposed by yourself, you are bound to do so and to take up your quarters there with me while we remain. While we are there you must treat me as a companion. Whether you like it or not, it must be so; otherwise we will both be embarrassed and unhappy. I did not come here to be kicked around, but I pledge my word that I will not force my company upon you there, or anywhere, needlessly, and that I will not, while

we are compelled to remain together, allude to the subject to which you so fiercely object. If you had listened to me, our stay here might have been happier for both, and so of our trip across the water. I cannot force information upon you to which you will not listen. So, call back that clown that let me in, have him get your belongings together, and take them to our hotel, and we will be off to make the transformation in your wardrobe."

X.

"It is a quarter past eight," Mr. Anthony Moore said, consulting his watch; "in ten minutes a carriage will be at the north entrance to the hotel. You are to go with me and to be delivered over to the man by whom I have been employed; that accomplished, my work is done and I see you no more. I am sorry that you could not have given me at least a little of your company on the steamer, but, as you were always reading, except at the table, where you said nothing, I did not feel that I should force conversation upon you or disturb you in your occupation or train of thought. Whatever misunderstanding there may be between us has been brought about by you and you only. I am correct, am I not?"

"You have done for me, in a matter so delicate, more than I could have believed any gentleman would do. There is no

misunderstanding between us; you have only done your duty and with the best regard for my feelings. I am grateful to you for it and would show my gratitude if I could, but my fortunes just now, as you know, are at rather low ebb. What awaits me I can well imagine, but I do not wish you to tell me; I am not afraid to meet it now, whatever it may be; two years of roving life have so changed me that I am indifferent to almost everything, and yet, for the sake of those who love me, for I hope there are still some who do, I had hoped that I might not be made a public spectacle; the time has been when it would have cost me almost my life, but that has passed. What I have sown must bear its fruit; it is the law of nature. It was not to avoid you, that I seemed to be constantly reading. It was to avoid everyone, and make my own sad thoughts my only companions."

"Don't be despondent; an hour more will tell you the story. I am not breaking our agreement, about the subject of conversation, if I boast to you a little, for I am really very proud of this achievement of mine. I was born an amateur detective; as a boy I always liked to read detective adventures, always to think out ways for myself of tracing mystery. In a little more than three months from the time I set foot in Havre we are together in New York. In Germany you had traveled a good deal on foot; I traveled over the same route. You had been employed as a translator and an accountant sometimes

in matters involving the English language; I compared your writing with such as I had and your description with what I knew; finally I traced you to London. By that time I knew upon what sort of employment you depended, and I sought out all those who dealt in your kind of work. Some work had been done for a stationer by an unknown man; I followed it into the hands of the one who held it; it was not yours. After four or five failures I found some of your writing and learned where you lodged; but I would not have been quite sure of you if I had not held your picture——”

“A moment; did you say that you had my picture?”

“Yes.”

“Furnished to you for the purpose of tracing me?”

“Exactly.”

“May I ask where you got it?”

“You must excuse me from telling you from whom it directly came. Indirectly it came from Miss Randolph, for the purpose you name.”

Frederick turned his back to the speaker.

“It is all over,” he said, in a husky voice, “the sooner we leave here the better. I have no feeling about what becomes of me now. Only end the suspense and I am content.”

“The end is near. Here is our coachman; come with me.”

Moore opened the door of the house in front of which the carriage had stopped, with a pass key, and led his companion into the drawing room as if quite at home.

"I must leave you finally, now," he said. "I need not ask your promise that you will stay where you are until you meet those who are most interested in finding you."

"No, you may rely upon me."

"Then goodbye, and though you give me no credit for what I have done, good luck to you."

The outer door had hardly closed upon Moore when a servant handed Frederick a letter. Before they came in, the lights had been turned so low that the room was almost in darkness, but approaching near to one that was a little brighter than the rest he was to be able to see what the letter contained. It bore date that day and was addressed to him in the form of a business communication, for it began with "Dear Sir," and ended with "Your obedient servants." It was this:

"As we understand you have returned to New York, we would be glad to learn whether you still consider yourself in our employ? If so, you should go to work immediately. The amount due Waltham Brothers, upon the pledge of securities belonging to this office, which pledge by you, we hereby indorse and approve, has been paid by us, passed to the account

of profit and loss, and there is therefore due to you the sum of one hundred dollars salary which you had not drawn when your vacation began. Whether you determine to continue in our employ or not, we will always be glad to see you."

He was still looking at the letter, when a hand was laid heavily upon his shoulder and at the same moment the lights in the room were turned on.

"Well, Eugene, you are not quite the prophet that you thought yourself; here we meet again."

"But, Harry, I cannot understand it at all, though it is true that we meet and I am glad to see you again; tell me why and how I am here."

"I heard that you had arrived in New York. Let me present my wife. I spoke to her of you long ago, before we were married. This, Georgiana, is Mr. Eugene Mason."

"Marvin."

"I was mistaken, then, in the name. Mr. Eugene Marvin, whom I met in France. He did me a great service there and now comes to—to—— Oh, confound this masquerading! It is nonsense. This is all put up on you, Eugene. I can't carry out my part. Georgiana, bring in the rest of the company; the walking gentleman has broken down and spoiled the play. See here, Cousin Margaret, your turn has come to appear sooner than arranged. You are wanted on the stage;

the persecuted, long suffering leading man is ready to receive you, though dragged back to his native country and forced to live with his friends like an ordinary Christian."

While he was speaking Margaret Randolph came rushing down the stairs and into the arms of the astonished guest.

"Fred," she said, "though you broke your engagement with me, you know that I never broke mine with you. In the years of your absence, I have loved you more than ever, thought of you constantly, and I would have hunted for you the world over as Harry has done, if I had had the means and skill to do it."

Then talk more confidential between them followed, until at last, out of patience, Harry Newton said, "I do not like to interrupt such an interesting pair, but there is a little explanation due to you, Eugene, and if you will listen to me until I set you right, you may talk steadily to this lady for the next month. You went wrong, of course; there's no use denying it; and unwisely for you, but most fortunate for me, you took a long vacation. Conditions could not have been worse for either of us; you, wandering aimlessly about, in constant fear of trouble and disgrace, and I, a drunken vagabond. If ever there was divinity that shaped our ends it was here. I threw away my worthless life, worthless alike to me and to every one about me who had any real appreciation of what I was."

“Oh, don’t say that, Harry,” his wife interposed. “Your life was as dear to me then as it is now. Think, too, of your mother.”

“About this time, Providence, by whatever name you may call it—general or special—began to mend both our fortunes. In pity you picked up the life that I had thrown away and restored it; more than that, between the shock that I had received, and your association, I was restored to my better self, and I am to-day a fair average citizen. Before I had time to do anything for you in return you disappeared, and I could get no trace of you. So we might never have met again, as you had predicted, if another special providence had not intervened. Smith, Morrison & Co. needed capital, and my brother, Philip, became a partner, furnishing most of the money to a bankrupt business but with goodwill of some value. One day he called me to his office to pay over to me a large sum of money which he held as executor of my father’s estate. I asked for some of the bonds that the firm had held for a long time and, that I might make my choice, he handed to me their record book containing transactions for years past. Scattered here and there was memoranda in a hand that I had studied well. I knew every form of the letters in the farewell that you had left for me. In a moment my search for bonds was abandoned in the search for the man who had made that memoranda. It was easy enough to identify Frederick Eu-

gene Marvin with Eugene Mason, and I at once removed all possibility of injury to you if you were the man I had known; then I found your friends, your parents, Mr. Hugh Randolph, his daughter, Margaret, my second cousin, but I had never seen her. To my surprise I learned that I knew more of your whereabouts than any of your family or friends. To be quite sure that I was on the right track, I asked your mother for your picture. She had none; this lady refused to allow the one that she had to be seen, until Georgiana, by tears and entreaties, got possession of it. I had the good fortune to place the commission to find you in the hands of an enthusiastic friend of mine; he would, he said, bring you home if alive, or if you were not living, proof of your death. Judge, then, of my chagrin when I received a cable message of fifty-three words, enough to increase the company's dividends, saying that, though you had been found, you would not listen to my messenger; that you had grown so morose, so unlike your old self, that it was doubtful whether you would return if the true situation was placed before you, but that if you thought there was legal process against you to compel it, you might. Tony may have exaggerated a little, for he was disappointed; he had not expected to meet such a rude reception. The description he sent to me was not of the man that had been accustomed to give me sage advice, but it was all that was left of him I had known as Eugene Mason. I cabled in

return that you were to be got back, by the best means at hand; that he could use any means to accomplish the end. I saw you at noon to-day, when you landed, though you did not see me. I had to put a good deal of constraint upon myself to avoid speaking to you then, but I left a letter for Tony saying that he was to stay with you at the hotel until night, then bring you here. Georgiana thought you deserved some punishment for the way you had treated the man who had hunted for you so long and so faithfully, and we three arranged for an elaborate and confusing reception, but part of it was in bad hands—I could not carry it through. The memory of old times and what you had done for me was too strong upon me.”

“I have a letter here from Smith, Morrison & Co. I cannot return to their employment, but I will take any other work that offers.”

“Don’t trouble yourself about your work. That letter was to make your record straight. It is an admission that the bonds pledged were taken with the owners’ consent, though I do not believe that they were, all the same; for our purposes we must think so. But you may be interested to know that you will soon be placed in business where you will not only have an opportunity to show what is in you, but to carry out at once the contract with this lady, which she would not allow you to break.”

"Tell me the rest; what of Bob Morrison? Did he come back? Did he own up? This letter seems to indicate that he did. Poor Bob! It was hard on him, with a wife and child, too. I thought of him often in my wanderings and pitied him, though for that matter I needed pity myself."

"He was kind enough, but he worried a good deal over what you had done. He would not let you be prosecuted, but further than that he would not go. He did not think that you should be allowed to return to New York, and his father did whatever he said. He was at the landing to-day, looking for someone, as it seemed; he must have seen you, but I suppose in view of what had passed he did not care to recognize you."

"I don't understand you. You do not mean that he threw the blame on me alone?"

"Of course he did. He spoke kindly of you, though; begged that you be treated gently, but that you should not be allowed to return; for some reason he was bitterly opposed to that."

"Bitterly opposed to my return, eh? Listen to this story." And he told them how the trouble had come about.

"I called upon him with my father," Margaret said. "I thought he might have some influence, some power to change his father's resolution, but he told us that payment of any

kind would be useless: the offense was criminal and could not be settled with money. The greatest kindness I could show you was to leave you to yourself."

"What a cursed fool I have been! I see his scheme plain enough now. When I see him I will try to beat some repentance into him, low-lived hound that he is; though, I suppose now that my first thought should be gratitude that I am here and free."

"He came near ruining his father," Harry said. "Smith, Morrison & Company would have failed if they had not got hold of Philip with his money. When the arrangement was under way Mr. Morrison at first insisted that Robert should have a partnership. Philip, who is pretty sharp, would not listen to it, as he thought him worthless and unreliable. Luckily for you, I suppose to conceal his own misdoings, Robert Morrison has let this story of the hypothecated bonds become known to very few and with them it is safe. You have cleared yourself in this circle from any criminal intent, though perhaps not from a technical offense. I will repeat the story to Mr. Morrison and my brother as you have given it to me. Philip has complete control at Smith, Morrison & Company now, and that will set you right with him. As to Mr. Morrison, he is so blind about his son that I do not think he will be affected much by what I tell him. Do let Robert

alone; to do more than I propose will not help you. It might give publicity to what is not public, and I think best forgotten. But what you have told us to-night lessens a good deal the value of that which I thought I was doing for you, in return for what you had done for me. I cannot think of you now, as I did a few hours ago, as one morally dead and restored to life by me. Dead, as I was physically when you first saw me; as in my own imagination I can picture myself about to be buried like a dead dog—no, not a dead dog, either, but a dog with a spark of life yet in him—until you revived that spark and saved me from the grave.

“But I feel that I have done a little; shown, feebly it may be, still shown, that the most worthless object, warmed back to life, may not prove so worthless, after all, and that a disinterested kindly act is sure to meet its reward, however wretched and unpromising the one on whom it is bestowed may be.”

Printed under supervision of
Jos. J. Rafter,
New York.

JUN 5 1908

